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Was a Remarkable Accident

Big Grain Elevator Slid Thirty Feet Into a River, but Still Stands.

One of the most peculiar accidents which might befall a modern grain-handling plant occurred at Ft. William, Ont., recently, when the gigantic elevator of the Ogilvie Milling company slid from its foundation into the Kaministikwia river in much the same manner as a vessel leaves her ways on being launched.

The structure, which cost $250,000, was one of the tubular steel type, 60 feet wide, about 100 feet long and 180 feet high, built on a concrete foundation, which was supported by 65-foot piling driven through clay to solid rock. The elevator had a storage capacity of 500,000 bushels, and contained about $400,000 bushels. It was built two years ago, and was one of the most modern grain-handling plants on the continent, it being electrically operated throughout, induction motors supplying the motive power.

It is generally believed that the defective concrete work was the cause of the accident. The cement foundation was 16 feet high and only 16 inches in thickness, which, it is now claimed, was not sufficient to withstand the enormous weight. The foundation gave way at one corner, and the whole wall immediately went to pieces, letting the building slide 30 feet into the river. The structure at the time the accompanying picture was taken, stood in 20 feet of water at an agle of 25 degrees. It was a total loss, as the tanks were twisted and pulled completely out of shape. Holes were tapped in the sides of the tanks and the wheat run off through these openings into scows in the river below, from which it was transferred to boats, about 50 per cent of the grain being lost.—Scientific American.

Has Sailed on Many Seas

Chart of Maine Mariner Like a Skein of Tangled Fish Lines.

Captain Horace Atwood, of Hampden, Me., one of the old-time deep-water shipmasters who retired from the sea when the American merchant marine had almost entirely disappeared from foreign trade, has lately been engaged in tracing out on a chart the courses pursued by him in various ships on many voyages at the far east, around the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. When he has finished making curving and zigzag marks on the chart it will look like a sketch of tangled fish lines, for he has made fifteen voyages to the Orient, seven around Cape Horn to the west coasts of North and South America and a good many more to Europe, the West Indies, the west coast of Africa and the east coast of South America.

Captain Atwood is now 78 years old, but he is a big, plump, well-built man, with eyes as bright, skin as smooth and form as erect as many a man twenty years his junior. He retired from the sea in 1872, after a most exciting experience in the Indian ocean on the burning ship Montana.

The Montana was one of the fleet engaged in carrying ice from Boston to India for the once-famous house of Tudor & Co. Not one of those ice carriers is now afloat, and the fate of the Montana, a handsome 1,400-ton Newburyport-built half clipper, was similar to that which befel several of the others—burned at sea.

The Montana sailed from Boston early in 1872 with a crew of twenty-six, all told, and a full cargo of ice. She made a good run until well around the Cape of Good Hope and into the Indian ocean, and then, one day, a man who had been sent to get a tub from the forepeak to catch some fresh water discovered the ship to be on fire. He had barely lifted the hatch when a cloud of smoke and steam burst up in his face, and, dropping the hatch, he ran aft shouting the terrifying news that the Montana was burning under them.

Captain Atwood well knew that there was little hope of saving the ship, for an ice ship, like an ice house, will burn like fury. The fire, caused by spontaneous combustion, was far down among the sawdust "dunnage," forward, and there was no getting at it, directly. The only thing to do was to try to flood it out. The forepeak hatch was taken off and a line of hose from a powerful deck pump was let down. The men pumped water into the hold all that day and night, but next morning the fire was burning hotter than ever.

Captain Atwood saw that the end of the Montana, and perhaps of all her people, was near at hand, and he looked carefully at his chart. The nearest land was St. Paul's island, and that was a thousand miles away. It must be reached if the crew of the Montana were to be saved, for in the boats there would not be one chance in a hundred for them. So all sail was cracked on and the Montana showed the best that was in her, while the sailors prayed for luck and the fire raged in the hold.

Fire in a pile of 1,200 tons of ice! It seemed strange, but it was the hottest kind of a fire, for to the sawdust was added certain gases which are always generated in ice houses and ice ships.

As the days passed the decks grew hotter and hotter, so that the men, usually barefooted in those latitudes, wore their heaviest boots, while every little while an unusually violent belching of smoke and gas and steam from the hold drove the men into the rigging to get a breath of fresh air.

The holes that had been bored in the deck were now plugged up tight and the hatches were newly calked, but the belchings of the volcano came through the seams as through the meshes of a sieve. There was no living in the cabins or in the forecastle, and the cook was driven from his galley. All hands were obliged to stay on deck or in the rigging. As the Montana neared St. Paul's island Captain Atwood had provisions, water, clothchests stowed in the boats, which were towed astern that they might be ready in case heavy weather came on and the crew had to leave her at short notice.

It was on the eighth day that St. Paul's was sighted, and on that day a gale came on. The island is nothing more than the crater of a valcano, rising a few feet above the surface of the Indian ocean and formed like a great bowl, with fathomless depths all around. Captain Atwood brought the ship to under the lee of the island, in the face of the gale, and let go the heaviest mudhook he had. It was all so quickly and so neatly done that the anchor held, and as she lay there Captain Atwood had the men get out more stores and some rigging and sails, and then, having done everything possible for comfort and safety, he gave the order to quit the ship.

The crew had not been on shore many hours when, with a frightful roar, the flames burst through the ship's decks, and before night there was nothing left of the Montana but her hull under water and a blackened heap of ice in its depth. There was no telling how long the Montana's crew might have to remain on the volcanic isle, for few ships pass that way except under unusual conditions of weather, but they did no worrying, for they had plenty to eat, and would not have starved, anyway, for the best of food fishes abound in those waters, while millions of sea fowl frequent the lonely isle. The only thing that caused uneasiness was the fear that the volcano might resume business, and this fear did not take possession of the men until one day there came an awful rumble, shaking the whole island, which is about a mile one way by two miles the other.

Two of the sailors were sitting on the shore, watching for passing sails, when the quake came, and an immense bowlder rolled down from the rim of the crater, passing close to the men, and disappearing with a great splash in the sea. 'We might as well be roasted as to be flattened out with big rocks like that," said the jacks, and they wanted to put to sea at once in the boats.

The rescue of the Montana's people came about strangely—they earned their deliverance by preventing the deaths of their deliverers. One night—the sixth that they had been upon the island—some of the lookouts were astonished to see a big ship bearing straight for the shore, as though her people had not made out the land. In another minute or two she would bring up all standing on the rocky rim of the volcano, and that would be the last of her and her crew, for half a gale was blowing and a smart sea was

Immediately the Montana's men set up a great shouting and flashing of lights, and at the last moment, as it seemed, the lookout on the ship heard and saw them. Over went her wheel, and she came up into the wind with a great creaking of yards and slatting of canvas, just clearing the rocks. Captain Atwood afterward discovered that the master of this ship, which was a Britisher bound from Liverpool to Rangoon, was much addicted to liquor, and that the sailing of the ship had devolved upon the mates, neither of whom was much of a navigator.

The Montana's crew were landed at Rangoon, where most of them shipped in other vessels. Captain Atwood coming home in a steamer, via Suez. It was on board the Peninsula and Oriental steamer that he met with a pompous and boastful British officer, who at the dinner table expressed great contempt for the United States and wondered why Great Britain paid any attention to the Alabama claims, then pending.

Captain Atwood ventured the opinion that if Great Britain did not pay up she might get hurt, and the Englishman wanted to know how that could happen, for, said he, "you have no big guns, or anything like that, ye know."

"Oh, yes, we've got some very big guns," said Captain Atwood; "so big that they haul the charges into them with oxen."

"Aw, indeed," returned the Englishman, "and how, tell me, do they get the oxen out again, hey?" and he laughed, thinking he had caught the Yankee.

But he hadn't caught Captain Atwood, who merely grinned and replied: "Why, man, they just unyoke the oxen and drive them out through the venthole, one at a time!"

WORK OF THE WINDS

Moving Sand Dunes That Bury Villages and Shoal Sounds.

The prevailing winds from a little west of south have ripped the heterogeneous sands on Hatteras, just south of the cape, on Shackelford, at its southwest extremity, and on the southwest side of Smith's Island. These wind ripples, started in sands exposed by the removal of a strip of forest next the shore, have grown in size to great sand waves, which are advancing on forests, fields and homes. As the sand wave has advanced it has taken up several feet of the loose soil over which it has passed, undermining houses, laying bare the roots of trees and exposing the bones of the dead in the cemeteries.

Diurnal winds from the sea have piled the sands into small, wandering dunes and hillocks, and even sometimes into sand waves, which are marching steadily inward, and shoaling the waters of the sounds. At Nag's Head, a large hotel, constituting a solid obstruction, soon had a sand wave built up a short distance in its rear, until the level of its roof was reached, when the wave moved forward and engulfed the hotel. In the immediate neighborhood two cottages suffered a similar fate. Here the land gained on the sound 350 feet in ten years.

On the northern end of Hatteras Island a fishing village had been similarly buried, while the sand had entirely crossed the island at several places north of the cape. This movement of the sand was started just after the civil war by the cutting of trees next the shore for ship timbers, and the section is still known as the Great Woods, though not a stick of timber stands upon it today. Pamlico Sound for two miles from the Hatteras shore is growing steadily shallower from the deposit of blown sand.

On Smith's Island a pilots' village has been buried beneath the sand wave for a number of years, but this has been quite recently resurrected, and its houses are again occupied. On Currituck, below Caffey's Inlet life saving station, the sand has advanced entirely across the land, and one man, moving before the advancing sand, has at last built his house on piles in the sound.—National Geographic Magazine.

A GENEROUS HORSE.

He Was a Thorough Gentleman to His Kind.

The horse is generally rated as one of the most intelligent of animals, and a pretty incident that was witnessed by a number of persons yesterday shows that generosity also enters into his character.

Two fine-looking horses attached to single buggies were hitched at the curb opposite the Chestnut street entrance to the Merchants' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired. The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

This horse was contentedly munching his oats when his attention was attracted by the actions of the other horse. The other horse was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner. The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh, which must have been in horse language, an invitation to the other fellow to help himself. Evidently he accepted it as such, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as his hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short of the bag.

The other horse noticed and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some leeway to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose until the other horse was able to reach it. Then, after a friendly nose-rub of salutation, the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.—St. Louis Republic.

INFORMATION ABOUT ARGUMENTS

At a conference in a Southern state the examination of candidates for admission into full connection was in progress. The subject was logic. One of the candidates was a man of a now almost extinct type, full of native shrewdness but with little "book larnin'."

The examination proceeded after the old-fashioned fashion of asking questions of the candidates in turn. The first question that came to this particular candidate at this particular session was:

"What is an argument?"

"An argument," he said, "is when two men are trying to beat their opinions into each other's heads."

A little later in the examination the question came to him:

"How do you close an argument?"

"Well," he answered, "there are two ways: You can try to get the parties at issue to agree to disagree. If you fail in that you can send for an officer."

The committee reported the candidate passed in logic at the head of the class.

It is natural for a woman to resent the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine and this spirit of independence was early manifested in a school-girl in a Massachusetts town. She had too often, perhaps, been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked upon the apparent utter lack of intelligence in a hen.

"You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have ruined more of the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, dog or pig something, but a hen—never!"

"Hm!" exclaimed the child indignantly, "I think they know just as much as roosters!"—Youth's Companion.

Adopted Her Suggestion.

A young Corvallis girl is charming, but, like a great many other charming people, she is poor, says the Toledo (Ore.) Leader. She never has more than two evening gowns in a season, and the ruin of one of them is always a serious matter to her. She went to a little dancing party last week, and she wore a brand new white frock. During the evening a great, big, red-faced, perspiring man asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well-meaning, but moist hands despairingly, and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then she said with a winning smile:

"Of course I will dance with you, but if you don't mind, would you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.

And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

THE FIELDS OF CORN.

All day amid the fields of corn
The songs of harvest time are borne,
All day the pullers of the blades
Sing soft their southern serenades;
All day they cut the ripened tops;
From stalk to stalk the bluejay hops,
With echo of the lifting note
Half uttered in his little throat.

All day, all day, amid the corn,
The fodder savers pull and tie;
All day, all day, from dewy morn
The tassel tosses to the sky.

Sweet ho! the harvest time is here.
Sweet ho! the corn is in the ear.
Green-ranked across the rustling fields
The brown blade to the puller yields,
The top surrenders to his knife,
The catbird trills his strident fife,
The Jim Crow caws his rancous song
As down the rows they march along.

All day, all day, with echo sweet,
They pull and tie the crackling blades.
All day, all day, with plodding feet
They toil amid the harvest glades.

Rank after rank, row after row,
The savers of the fodder go,
Bending with rhythmic lope and lean
Adown the serried ranks of green;
They pull and tie and lift and lay
The bundled provender away,
Singing the old Virginian airs
While gummer's dying ember glares.

All day, all day, with swinging tread,
They swing and sing with cheery heart,
All day, all day, till evening red,
They touch the soul with artless art.

Far stretch the golden fields of corn.
The dew is deep upon the morn;
From meadows where they sowed the wheat
Unto the woodland borders sweet
The harvest of the maize is seen
With brown stalks shading into green;
And here the fodder savers go,
Rank after rank, row after row.

All day, all day, they pull and tie;
All day the tops they cut and pile;
All day the ghosts of autumn fly
With red lips bursting into smile.
—Baltimore Sun.

MAYAN CIVILIZATION.

Sculptures of Early Americans on the Tikal Temples in Yucatan.

Reading the engravings on the temples and pyramids themselves, noteworthy for their ferocious subjects and brutal expression, one concludes that this strange lost race rivaled Rome under Nero in making a fine art of cruelty. Their campaigns of conquest and defense as portrayed by their sculptors were short, sharp and sanguinary. No pity appears to have been shown to the vanquished, nor any quarter, and what could not be pillaged was destroyed. This undoubtedly explains the number of devastated cities rebuilt and new tombs or temples erected after each war.

While meager evidence of metallurgy have been discovered—no foundries or forges among them—the Mayan weapons of finely carved and tempered stone and iron and hard wood were vastly superior to anything wielded by their contemporaries on the north. The dress of the nobles, both men and women, consisted so far as evidenced, of loose, flowing tunics and a sort of toga dyed rather brilliantly, according to Indian predilections. The hair was worn short, cut in a fringe on the forehead, and to wear a beard was a sign of servility or worse. There is incidental evidence that squinting, curiously enough, was fashionable, mothers insuring their daughters the habit by suffering a tuft of hair to trail over their eyes.

Among many interesting stelae pictured by the archaeologists is one showing an erect human figure in facsimile. Wearing an elaborate headdress, with fantastic ornaments and exaggerated feathers, this graven image bears in one hand a sceptre tipped with feathers and in the other a shield. There are the usual fringed cape, heavy collar and a large medallion, under which is seen a rich mantle reaching almost to the feet, garters, buckles and shoes or sandals. Under an inscription are some symbolic decorations, and toward the lower extremity are two vivid human profiles. Under one inscription is a figure with monstrous head, resting on a stool, which appears to be emblazoned. Clearly this impressive bas-relief belonged to a temple of the sun, the sun apparently being a Mayan deity, so far as one can judge of their religion.

Other panels show the heads of tigers ranged around throned human figures elaborately carved. As these heads still preserve a semblance of colorings when seen under the glass, as do numerous carved serpents depicted crawling over human victims, the Mayan sculptors and artists must have been versed in the chemistry of pigments.

Besides pictures of martial and sacrificial life, of monarchs and the national observances of this vanished race, its everyday pursuits are shown in many instances. Here a man is tilling the soil, there another bartering for trinkets, and so on. When all these stelae are deciphered it is imagined that an adequate history of the people will be unfolded. —The Craftsman.

HEALING PROPERTIES OF WATER

There is no remedy of such general application and none so easily obtained as water, and yet nine persons out of ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent.

A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and wrung out of hot water and applied around the neck of a child who has croup will usually bring relief in a few minutes. A towel folded several times, then quickly wrung out of hot water and immediately applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia will afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. Cases on record, having resisted other treatment for hours, have yielded to this treatment in ten minutes. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, then applied to all sores and new cuts, bruises and sprains, is the treatment now generally adopted in hospitals. Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is an excellent cathartic in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment, continued for a few months, together with proper attention to diet, will alleviate mild cases of dyspepsia.—National Magazine.

LIFE OF A TROLLEY CAR.

"Under the most favorable circumstances the life of a trolley car is not expected to be more than twelve years, and unlike babies," remarked a prominent trolley expert, who has been in Philadelphia examining its rapid transit facilities, "the cars require more and more care as they grow older. Not only must each car be swept and the windows kept clean, but its running apparatus must be subject to an inspection once or twice a week, which is supplemented by an occasional thorough overhauling. The manager of a New Jersey company has estimated that on his lines a new car may run an average of about 100 days before it must be overhauled, but cars operated in crowded cities have a shorter term of activity, about sixty days before they go into a 'doctor's' hands. As the car gets older it has to be overhauled with ever greater frequency. These overhaulings require the removal of the trucks from the car body, the examination of the motors, the cleaning of the armatures and a thorough test of the machinery. In addittion, the car body must be painted and varnished at least once a year."—Philadelphia Record.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "The Main Chance," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

John Marshall Glenarm had probably never been so happy in his life as on that day of his amazing homecoming. He laughed at us and he laughed with us, and he went about the house explaining his plans for its completion, he chaffed us all with his shrewd humor that had been the terror of my boyhood.

"Ah, if you had the plans of course you would have saved a lot of trouble; but that little sketch of the Door of Bewilderment was the only thing I left—and you found it, Jack—you really opened these good books of mine."

He sent us all away to remove the marks of battle, and we gave Bates a hand in cleaning up the wreckage—Bates, the keeper of secrets; Bates, the inscrutable and mysterious; Bates, the real hero of the affair at Glenarm.

He led us through the narrow stairway by which he had entered, which had been built between false walls, and we played ghost for one another, to show just how the tread of a human being around the chimney sounded. There was much to explain, and my grandfather's contrition for having placed me in so hazardous a predicament was so sincere, and his wish to make amends so evident, that my heart warmed to him. He made me describe in detail all the incidents of my stay at the house listening with boyish delight to my adventures.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed over and over again. And as I brought my two friends into the story his delight knew no bounds, and he kept chuckling to himself; and insisted half a dozen times on shaking hands with Larry and Stoddard, who were, he declared, his friends as well as mine.

The prisoner in the potato cellar received our due attention; and my grandfather's joy in the fact that an agent of the British government was held captive in Glenarm House was cheering to see. But the man's detention was a grave matter, as we all realized, and made imperative the immediate consideration of Larry's future.

"I must go—and go at once!" declared Larry.

"Mr. Donovan, I should feel honored to have you remain," said my grandfather. "I hope to hold Jack here, and I wish you would share the house with us."

"The sheriff and those fellows won't squeal very hard about their performances here," said Stoddard. "And they won't try to rescue the prisoner, even for a reward, from a house where the dead come back to life."

"No; but you can't hold a British prisoner in an American private house forever. Too many people know he has been in this part of the country; and you may be sure that the fight here and the return of Mr. Glenarm will not fail of large advertisement. All I can ask of you, Mr. Glenarm, is that you hold the fellow a few hours after I leave, to give me a start."

"Certainly. But when this trouble of yours blows over, I hope you will come back and help Jack to live a decent and orderly life."

My grandfather spoke of my remaining with a warmth that was grateful to my heart; but the place and its associations had grown unbearable. I had not mentioned Marian Devereux to him, I had not told him of my Christmas flight to Cincinnati; for the fact that I had run away and forfeited my right made no difference now, and I waited for an opportunity when we should be alone to talk of my own affairs.

At luncheon, delayed until mid-afternoon, Bates produced champagne, and the three of us, worn with excitement and stress of battle, drank a toast, standing, to the health of John Marshall Glenarm.

"My friends,"—the old gentleman rose and we all stood, our eyes bent upon him in, I think, real affection, —"I am an old and foolish man. Ever since I was able to do so I have indulged my whims. This house is one of them. I had wished to make it a thing of beauty and dignity, and I had hoped that Jack would care for it and be willing to complete it and settle here. The means I employed to test him were not, I admit, worthy of a man who intends well toward his own flesh and blood. Those African adventures of yours scared me, Jack; but to think"—and he laughed—"that I placed you here in this peaceful place amid greater dangers probably than you ever met in tiger hunting! But you have put me to shame. Here's health and peace to you!"

"So say we all!" cried the others.

"One thing more," my grandfather continued, "I don't want you to think, Jack, that you would really have been cut off under any circumstances if I had died while I was hiding in Egypt. What I wanted, boy, was to get you home! I made another will in England, where I deposited the bulk of my property before I died, and did not forget you. That will was to protect you in case I really died!"—and he laughed cheerily.

The others left us—Stoddard to help Larry get his things together—and my grandfather and I talked for an hour at the table.

"I have thought that many things might happen here," I said, watching his fine, slim fingers, as he polished his eyeglasses, then rested his elbows on the table and smiled at me. "I thought for a while that I should certainly be shot; then at times I was afraid I might not be; but your return in the flesh was something I never considered among the possibilities. Bates fooled me. That talk I overheard between him and Pickering in the church porch that foggy night was the thing that seemed to settle his case; then the next thing I knew he was defending the house at the serious risk of his life; and I was more puzzled than ever."

"Yes, a wonderful man, Bates. He always disliked Pickering, and he rejoiced in tricking him."

"Where did you pick Bates up? He told me he was a Yankee, but he doesn't act or talk it."

My grandfather laughed. "Of course not! He's an Irishman and a man of education—but that's all I know about him, except that he is a marvelously efficient servant."

My mind was not on Bates. I was thinking now of Marian Devereux. I could not go on further with my grandfather without telling him how I had run away and broken faith with him, but he gave me no chance.

"You will stay on here—you will help me to finish the house?" he asked with an unmistakable eagerness of look and tone.

It seemed harsh and ungenerous to tell him that I wished to go; that the great world lay beyond the confines of Glenarm for me to conquer; that I had lost as well as gained by those few months at Glenarm house, and wished to go away. It was not the mystery, now fathomed, nor the struggle, now ended, that was uppermost in my mind and heart, but memories of a girl who everybody else were forever praising him to me. He was always held up to me as a model; and the first time I saw Marian Devereux she was with him—it was at Sherry's the night before I came here. I suppose she reached St. Agatha's only a few hours ahead of me."

"Yes. Sister Theresa was her guardian. Her father was a dear friend, and I knew her from her early childhood. You are mistaken, Jack. Her knowing Pickering means nothing — they both lived in New York and moved in the same circle."

"But it doesn't explain her efforts to help him, does it?" I blazed. "He wished to marry her—Sister Theresa told me that—and I failed, I failed miserably to keep my obligation here—I ran away to follow her!"

"Ah, to be sure! You were away Christmas Eve, when those vandals broke in. Bates merely mentioned it in the last report I got as I came through New York. That was all right, I assumed, of course, that you had gone off somewhere to get a little Christmas cheer; I don't care anything about it."

"But I had followed her—I went to Cincinnati to see her. She dared me to come—it was a trick, a part of the conspiracy to steal your property."

The old gentleman smiled. It was a familiar way of his, to grow calm as other people waxed angry.

"She dared you to come, did she! That is quite like Marian; but you didn't have to go, did you, Jack?"

"Of course not; of course I didn't have to go, but—"

I stammered, faltered and ceased. Memory threw open her portals with a challenge. I saw her on the stairway at the Armstrongs'; I heard her low, soft laughter, I felt the mockery of her voice and eyes! I knew again the exquisite delight of being near her. My heart told me well enough why I had followed her.

"Jack, I'm glad I'm not buried up there in that Vermont graveyard with nobody to exercise the right of guardianship over you. I've had my misgivings about you; I used to think you were a born tramp; and you disappointed me in turning your back on architecture—the noblest of all professions; but this performance of yours really beats them all. Don't you know that a girl like Marian Devereux isn't likely to become the agent of any rascal? Do you really believe for a minute that she tempted you to follow her, so you might forfeit your rights to my property?"

"But why was she trying to find those notes of his? Why did she come back from Cincinnati with his party? If you could answer me those things, maybe I'd admit that I'm a fool. Pickering, I imagine, is a pretty plausible fellow where women are concerned."

"For God's sake, Jack, don't speak of that girl as women! I put her in that way, to pique your curiosity. You know that if there was a penalty on your marrying her you would be wholly likely to do it—for that's the way human beings are made. But you've mixed it all up now, and insulted her in the grossest way possible for a fellow who is really a gentleman. And I don't want to lose you; I want you here with me, Jack! This is a beautiful country, this Indiana! And what I want to do is to found an estate, to build a house that shall be really beautiful — something these people hereabouts can be proud of —and I want you to have it with me, Jack, to link our name to these woods and that pretty lake. I'd rather have that for my neighbor than any lake in Scotland. These rich Americans, who go to England to live, don't appreciate the beauty of their own country. This landscape is worthy of the best that man can do. And I didn't undertake to build a crazy house so much as one that should have some dignity and character.

That passage around the chimney is an indulgence, Jack—I'll admit it's a little bizarre—you see that chimney isn't so big outside as it is in!"—and he laughed and rubbed his knees with the palms of his hands—"and my bringing foreign laborers here wasn't really to make it easier to get things done my way. Wait till you have seen the Mayapple blossom and heard the robins sing in the summer twilight—help me to finish the house—then if you want to leave I'll bid you God-speed."

The feeling in his tone, the display of sentiment so at variance with my old notion of him, touched me in spite of myself. There was a characteristic nobility and dignity in his plan; it was worthy of him. And I had never loved him as now, when he finished this appeal, and turned away to the window, gazing out upon the somber woodland.

"Mr. Donovan is ready to go, sir," announced Bates at the door, and we went into the library, where Larry and Stoddard were waiting.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Larry had assembled his effects in the library, and to my surprise, Stoddard appeared with his own handbag.

"I'm going to see Donovan well on his way," said the clergyman.

"It's a pity our party must break up," exclaimed my grandfather. "My obligations to Mr. Donovan are very great—and to you, too, Stoddard. Jack's friends are mine hereafter, and when we get new doors for Glenarm House you shall honor me by accepting duplicate keys."

"Where's Bates?" asked Larry, and the man came in respectfully, imperturbably as always, and began gathering up the bags.

"Stop—one moment! Mr. Glenarm," said Larry. "Before I go I want to congratulate you on the splendid courage of this man who has served you and your house with so much faithfulness and tact. And I want to tell you something else, that you probably would never learn from him—"

"Donovan!" There was a sharp cry in Bates' voice, and he sprang forward with his hands outstretched entreatingly. But Larry did not heed him.

"The moment I set eyes on this man I recognized him. It's not fair to you or to him that you should not know him for what he is. Let me introduce an old friend, Walter Creighton; he was a student at Dublin when I was there—I remember him as one of the best fellows in the world."

"For God's sake—no!" pleaded Bates. He was deeply moved and turned his face away from us.

"But, like me," Larry went on, "he mixed in politics. One night in a riot at Dublin a constable was killed. No one knew who was guilty, but a youngster was suspected—the son of one of the richest and best known men in Ireland, who happened to get mixed in the row. To draw attention from the boy, Creighton let suspicion attach to his own name, and, to help the boy's case further, ran away. I had not heard from or of him until the night I came here and found him the defender of this house. My God! that was no servant's trick—it was the act of a loyal gentleman."

They clasped hands; and with a new light in his face, with a new manner, as though he resumed, as a familiar garment, an old disused personality, Bates stood transfigured in the twilight, a man and a gentleman. I think we were all drawn to him; I know that a sob clutched my throat and tears filled my eyes as I grasped his hand.

"But what in the devil did you do it for?" blurted my grandfather, excitedly twirling his glasses.

Bates (I still call him Bates—he insists on it) laughed. For the first time he thrust his hands into his pockets and stood at his ease, one of us.

"Larry, you remember I showed a fondness for the stage in our university days. When I got to America I had little money and found it necessary to find employment without delay. I saw Mr. Glenarm's advertisement for a valet. Just as a lark I answered it to see what an American gentleman seeking a valet looked like. I fell in with Mr. Glenarm at sight—"

"It was mutual!" declared my grandfather. "I never believed your story at all—you were too perfect in the part!"

"Well, I didn't greatly mind the valet business; it helped to hide my identity; and I did like the humor and whims of Mr. Glenarm. The housekeeping, after we came out here, wasn't so pleasant"—he looked at his hands ruefully—"but this joke of Mr. Glenarm's making a will and then going to Egypt to see what would happen—that was too good to miss. And when the heir arrived I found new opportunities of practicing amateur theatricals; and Pickering's efforts to enlist me in his scheme for finding the money and making me rich gave me still greater opportunities. There were times when I was strongly tempted to blurt the whole thing; I got tired of being suspected, and of playing ghost in the wall; and if Mr. Glenarm hadn't got here just as he did I should have stopped the fight and proclaimed the truth. I hope," he said, turning me, "you have no hard feelings, sir." And he threw into the "sir" just a touch of irony that made us all roar.

"I'm certainly glad I'm not dead," declared my grandfather, staring at Bates. "Life is more fun than I ever thought possible. "Bless my soul!" he said, "if it isn't a shame that Bates can never cook another omelette for me!"

We sent Bates back with my grandfather from the boat-house, and Stoddard, Larry and I started across the ice; the light coating of snow made walking comparatively easy. We strode on silently, Stoddard leading. Their plan was to take an accommodation train at the first station beyond Annandale, leave it at a town forty miles away, and then hurry east to an obscure place in the mountains of Virginia, where a religious order maintained a house. There Stoddard promised Larry asylum and no questions asked.

We left the lake and struck inland over a rough country road to the station, where Stoddard purchased tickets only a few minutes before the train whistled.

We stood on the lonely platform, hands joined to hands, and I know not what thoughts in our minds and hearts.

"We've met and we've said good-bye in many odd corners of this strange old world," said Larry, "and, God knows when we shall meet again."

"But you must stay in America—there must be no sea between us!" I declared.

"Donovan's sins don't seem heinous to me! It's simply that they've got to find a scapegoat"—and Stoddard's voice was all sympathy and kindness. "It will blow over in time, and Donovan will become an eligthened and peaceable American citizen."

There was a constraint upon us all at this moment of parting — so many things had happened that day — and when men have shared danger together they are bound by ties that death only can break. Larry's effort at cheer struck a little hollowly upon us.

"Beware, lad, of women!" he importuned me.

"Humph! You still despise the sex on account of that affair with the colleen of the short upper lip."

"Verily. And the eyes of that little lady, who guided your grandfather back from the other world, reminded me strongly of her! Bah, these women!"

"Precious little you know about them!" retorted.

"The devil I don't!"

"No," said Stoddard, "invoke the angels, not the devil!"

"Hear him! Hear him! A priest with no knowledge of the world.

"Alas, my cloth! And you fling it at me after I have gone through battle, murder and sudden death with you gentlemen!"

"We thank you, sir, for that last word," said Larry mockingly. "I am reminded of the late Lord Alfred:

"'I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires,—'"

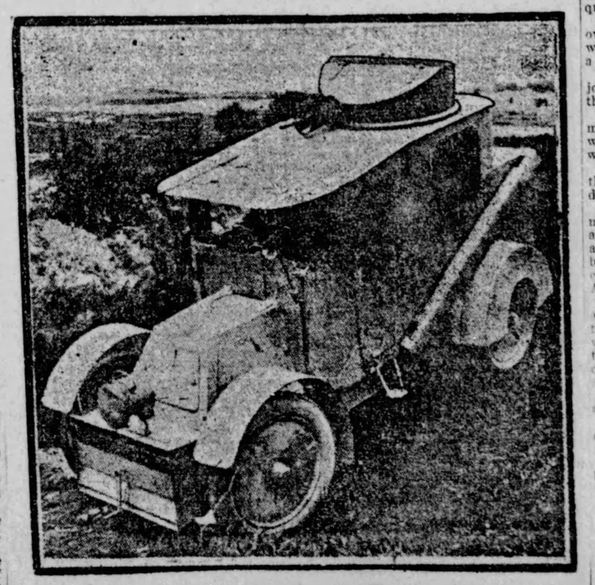
he quoted, looking off through the twilight toward St. Agatha's. "I can't see a blooming spire!"

The train was now roaring down upon us and we clung to this light mood for our last words. Between men, gratitude is a thing best understood in silence; and these good friends, I knew, felt what I could not say.

"Before the year is out we shall all

New Russian War Motor

Armor-Plated Automobile Carries Guns and Could Do Much Damage.



The picture illustrates the new war motor recently supplied by a German firm to the Russian army. The Russian government, after exhaustive trials, has adopted the Bronirtz pattern. The car is steel armor-cased on all sides. The engines are of four-cylinder T. C. type of about 40 horse power. The casing is so arranged as to be easily opened for observation of country, and when required it can be closed and completely armor-cased. The top center plate acts as a conning tower, from which the quick-firer can be laid in any direction, as it is central pivoted. The whole of the armored fittings can easily be removed when not required for service conditions.

The wheels themselves are protected by thin nickel-steel bullet-proof bands.

The car can seat five persons comfortably and has an average speed of about 30 miles an hour. It is supposed to move over ordinary rough ground at about 10 miles an hour, though the speed must necessarily vary with the conditions of the ground.

In our own country experiments have so far only been carried out with what is known as the motor ambulance. One of these vehicles has recently been tested at Aldershot. It consists of four-cylinder engines of about 40 horse power. It is solid tired, but a pneumatic arrangement consisting of two longitudinal rubber tubes charged with air forms a cushion to the body of the vehicle, thus preventing jolting.—The Sphere.

meet again," cried Stoddard hopefully, seizing the bags.

"Ah, if we could only be sure of that!" I replied. And in a moment they were both waving their hands to me from the rear platform, and I strode back homeward over the lake.

A mood of depression was upon me; I had lost much that day, and what I had gained—my restoration to the regard of the kindly old man of my own blood, who had appealed for my companionship in terms hard to deny—seemed trifling as I tramped over the ice. Perhaps Pickering, after all, was the real gainer by the day's event. My grandfather had said nothing to allay my doubts as to Marian Devereux's strange conduct, and yet his confidence in her was apparently unshaken.

I tramped on, and leaving the lake, half-unconsciously struck into the wood beyond the dividing wall, where snow-covered leaves and twigs rattled and broke under my tread. I came out into an open space beyond St. Agatha's, found the walk and turned toward home.

As I neared the main entrance to the school the door opened and a woman came out under the overhanging lamp. She carried a lantern, and turned with a hand outstretched to some one who followed her with careful steps.

"Ah, Marian," cried my grandfather, "it's ever the task of youth to light the way of age."

CHAPTER XXIX.

He had been to see Sister Theresa, and Marian was walking with him to the gate. I saw her quite plainly in the light that fell from the lamp overhead. A long cloak covered her, and a fur toque capped her graceful head. My grandfather and his guide were apparently in high spirits. Their laughter smote harshly upon me. It seemed to shut me out—to lift a barrier against me. The world lay there within the radius of that swaying light, and I hung aloof, hearing her voice and jealous of the very companionship and sympathy between them.

But the light led me. I remembered with bitterness that I had always followed her—whether as Olivia, trailing in her girlish race across the snow, or as the girl in gray, whom I had followed, wondering, on that night journey at Christmas Eve; and I followed now. The distrust, my shattered faith, my utter loneliness, could not weigh against the joy of hearing that laugh of hers breaking mellowly on the night.

I paused to allow the two figures to widen the distance between us as they traversed the path that curved away toward the chapel. I could still hear their voices, and see the lantern flash and disappear. I felt an impulse to turn back, or plunge into the woodland; but I was carried on uncontrollably. The light glimmered, and her voice still floated back to me. It stole through the keen winter dark like a memory of spring, and so her voice and the light led me.

Then I heard an exclamation of dismay followed by laughter in which my grandfather joined merrily.

"Oh, never mind; we're not afraid," she exclaimed.

I had rounded the curve in the path where I should have seen the light; but the darkness was unbroken. There was silence for a moment, in which I drew quite near to them.

Then my grandfather's voice broke out cheerily.

"Now I must go back with you! A fine person you are to guide an old man! A foolish virgin, indeed, with no oil in her lamp!"

"Please do not! Of course I'm going to see you quite to your own door! I don't intend to put my hand to the lantern and then turn back!"

"This walk isn't what it should be," said my grandfather, "we'll have to provide something better in the spring."

They were still silent and I heard him futilely striking a match. Then the lantern fell, its wires rattling as it struck the ground, and the two exclaimed with renewed merriment upon their misfortune.

"If you will allow me!" I called out, my hand fumbling in my pocket for my own match box.

I have sometimes thought that there is really some sort of decent courtesy in me. An old man caught in a rough path that was none too good at best! And a girl, even though my enemy! These were, I fancy, the thoughts that crossed my mind.

"Ah, it's Jack!" exclaimed my grandfather. "Marian was showing me the way to the gate and our light went out."

"Miss Devereux," I murmured. I have, I hope, an icy tone for persons who have incurred my displeasure, and I employed it then and there, with, no doubt, its fullest value.

She and my grandfather were groping in the dark for the lost lantern, and I, putting out my hand, touched her fingers.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured frostily.

Then I found and grasped the lantern.

"One moment," I said, "and I'll see what's the trouble."

I thought my grandfather took it, but the flame of my wax match showed her fingers grasping the wires of the lantern. The cloak slipped away, showing her arm's soft curve, the blue and white of her bodice, the purple blue of violets, and for a second I saw her face, with a smile quivering about her lips. My grandfather was beating impatiently with his stick, urging us to leave the lantern and go on.

"Let it alone," he said. "I'll go down through the chapel; there's a lantern in there somewhere."

"I'm awfully sorry," she remarked; "but I recently lost my best lantern!"

To be sure she had! I was angry that she should so brazenly recall the night I found her looking for Pickering's notes in the passage at the Door of Bewilderment!

She had lifted the lantern now, and I was striving to touch the wax taper to the wick, with imminent danger to my bare fingers.

"They don't really light well when the oil's out," she observed, with an exasperating air of wisdom.

I took it from her hand and shook it close to my ear.

"Yes: of course, it's empty," I muttered disdainfully.

"Oh, Mr. Glenarm!" she cried, turning away toward my grandfather.

I heard his stick beating the rough path several yards away. He was hastening toward Glenarm House.

"I think Mr. Glenarm has gone home."

"Oh, that is too bad!" she exclaimed. "Thank you! He's probably at the chapel by this time. If you will permit me—"

"Not at all!"

A man well advanced in the sixties should not tax his arteries too severely. I was quite sure that my grandfather ran up the chapel steps; I could hear his stick beating hurriedly on the stone.

"If you wish to go farther—" I began.

I was indignant at my grandfather's conduct; he had deliberately run off, leaving me alone with a young woman whom I particularly wished to avoid.

"Thank you; I shall go back now. I was merely walking to the gate with Mr. Glenarm. It is so fine to have him back again, so unbelievable!"

I was just such a polite murmur as one might employ in speaking to an old foe at a friend's table.

She listened a moment for his step; then, apparently satisfied, turned back toward St. Agatha's. I followed, uncertain, hesitating, marking her definite onward flight. From the folds of the cloak stole the faint perfume of violets. The sight of her, the sound of her voice, combined to create—and to destroy!—a mood with every step.

I was seeking some colorless thing to say when she spoke over her shoulder.

"You are very kind, but I am not the least afraid, Mr. Glenarm."

"But there is something I wish to say to you. I should like—"

She slackened her step.

"Yes."

"I am going away."

"Yes, of course; you are going away."

Her tone implied that this was something that had been ordained from the beginning, and did not matter.

"And I wish to say a word about Mr. Pickering."

She paused and faced me abruptly. We were at the edge of the wood, and the school lay quite near. She caught the cloak closer about her and gave her head a little toss I remembered well, as at trick compelled by the vagaries of woman's head dress.

"I can't talk to you here, Mr. Glenarm; I had no intention of ever seeing you again; but I must say this—"

"Those notes of Pickering's—I shall ask Mr. Glenarm to give them to you—as a mark of esteem from me."

She stepped backward as though I had struck her.

"You risked much for them—for him" —I went on.

"Mr. Glenarm, I have no intention of discussing that, or any other matter with you—"

"It is better so—"

"But your accusations, the things you imply, are unjust, infamous!"

The quaver in her voice shook my resolution to deal harshly with her.

"If I had not myself been a witness—" I began.

"Yes; you have the conceit of your own wisdom, I dare say."

"But that challenge to follow you, to break my pledge; my running away, only to find that Pickering was close at my heels; your visit to the tunnel in search of those notes—don't you know that those things were a blow that hurt? You had been the spirit of this woodland to me. Through all these months, from the hour I watched you paddle off into the sunset in your canoe, the thought of you made the days brighter, steadier and cheered me, and wakened ambitions that I had forgotten—abandoned—long ago. And this hideous struggle here—it seems so idle, so worse than useless now! But I'm glad I followed you—I'm glad that neither fortune nor duty kept me back. And now I want you to know that Arthur Pickering shall not suffer for anything that has happened. I shall make no effort to punish him; for your sake he shall go free."

A sigh so deep that it was like a sob broke from her. She thrust forth her hand entreatingly.

"Why don't you go to him with your generosity? You are so ready to believe ill of me! And I shall not defend myself; but I will say these things to you, Mr. Glenarm: I had no idea, no thought of seeing him at the Armstrongs' that night. It was a surprise to me, and to them, when he telegraphed he was coming. And when I went into the tunnel there under the wall that night, I had a purpose—a purpose—"

"Yes?" she paused and I bent forward, earnestly waiting for her words, knowing that here lay her great offending.

"I was afraid—I was afraid that Mr. Glenarm might not come in time; that you might be dispossessed—lose the fight, and I came back with Mr. Pickering because I thought some dreadful thing might happen here—to you—"

She turned and ran from me with the speed of the wind, the cloak fluttering out darkly about her. At the door, under the light of the lamp, I was close upon her. Her hand was on the vestibule latch.

"But how should I have known?" I cried. "And you had taunted me with my imprisonment at Glenarm; you had dared me to follow you, when you knew that my grandfather was living and watching to see whether I kept faith with him. If you can tell me—if there is an answer to that—"

"I shall never tell you anything—more! You were so eager to think ill of me—to accuse me!"

"It was because I love you; it was my jealousy of that man, my boyhood enemy, that made me catch at any doubt. You are so beautiful—you are so much a part of the peace, the charm of all this! I had hoped for spring—for you and the spring together!"

"Oh, please—!"

Her flight had shaken the toque to an unwonted angle; her breath came quick and hard as she tugged at the latch eagerly. The light from overhead was full upon us, but I could not go with hope and belief struggling unsatisfied in my heart. I seized her hands and sought to look into her eyes.

"But you challenged me—to follow you! I want to know why you did that!"

She drew away, struggling to free herself.

"Why was it, Marian?"

"Because I wanted—"

"Yes."

"I wanted you to come, Squire Glenarm!"

* * * * * * *

Thrice spring has awakened the sap in the Glenarm wood since that night. Yesterday I tore March from the calendar. April in Indiana! She is an impudent tomboy who whistles at the window, points to the sunshine and, when you go hopefully forth, summons the clouds and pelts you with snow. The austere old woodland, wise from long acquaintance, finds no joy in her. The walnut and the hickory have a higher respect for the stormier qualities of December. April in Indiana! She was just there by the wall, where now the bluebird pauses dismayed, and waits again the flash of her golden sandals. She bent there at the lakeside the splash of a raindrop ago and tentatively poked the thin, brittle ice with the pink tips of her little fingers. April in the heart! It brings back the sweet wonder and awe of those days, three years ago, when Marian and I, waiting for June to come, knew a joy that thrilled our hearts like the tumult of the first robin's song. The marvel of it all steals over me again as I hear the riot of melody in meadow and wood, and catch through the window the flash of eager wings.

My history of the affair at Glenarm has overrun the bounds I had set for it, and these, I submit, are not days for the desk and pen. Marian is turning over the sheets of manuscript that lie at my left elbow, and demanding that I drop work for a walk abroad. My grandfather is pacing the terrace outside, planning, no doubt, those changes in the grounds that are his constant delight.

Of some of the persons concerned in this winter's tale let me say a word more. The prisoner whom Larry left behind we discharged, after several days, with all the honors of war, and (I may add without breach of confidence) a comfortably indemnity. Larry has made a reputation by his book on Russia—a searching study into the conditions of the czar's empire, and, having squeezed that lemon, he is now in Tibet. His father has secured from the British government a promise of immunity for Larry, so long as that amiable adventurer keeps away from Ireland. My friend's latest letters to me contain, I note, no reference to The Sod.

Bates is in California conducting a fruit ranch, and when he visited us last Christmas he bore all the marks of a gentleman whom the world uses well. Stoddard's life has known many changes in these years, but they must wait for another day, and, perhaps, another historian. Suffice it to say that it was he who married us—Marian and me—in the little chapel by the wall, and that when he comes now and then to visit us, we renew our impression of him as a man large of body and of soul. Sister Theresa continues at the head of St. Agatha's, and she and the other sisters of her brown-clad company are delightful neighbors. Pickering's failure and subsequent disappearance were described sufficiently in the newspapers and his name is never mentioned at Glenarm.

As for myself—Marian is tapping the floor restlessly with her boot and I must hasten—I may say that I am no idler. It was I who carried on the work of finishing Glenarm House, and I manage the farms which my grandfather has lately acquired in this neighborhood. But better still, from my own point of view, I maintain in Chicago an office as consulting engineer and I have already several important commissions.

Glenarm House is now what my grandfather had wished to make it, a beautiful and dignified mansion. He insisted on filling up the tunnel, so that the Door of Bewilderment is no more. The passage in the wall and the strong box in the paneling of the chimney breast remain, though the latter we use now as a hiding place for certain prized bottles of rare whisky which John Marshall Glenarm ordains shall be taken down only on Christmas eves, to drink the health of Olivia Gladys Armstrong. That young woman, I may add, is now a belle in her own city, and of the scores of youngsters all the way from Pittsburg to New Orleans who lay siege to her heart, my word is, may the best man win!

And now, at the end, it may seem idle vanity for a man still young to write at so great length of his own affairs; but it must have been clear that mine is the humblest figure in this narrative. I wished to set forth an honest account of my grandfather's experiment in looking into this world from another, and he has himself urged me to write down these various incidents while they are still fresh in my memory.

Marian—the most patient of women—is walking toward the door, eager for the sunshine, the free airs of spring, the blue vistas lakeward, and at last I am ready to go.

THE END.

MADE FROM NATIVE ROOTS.

SAFE AND RELIABLE.

That the roots of many native plants, growing wild in our American forests, possess remarkable properties for the cure of human maladies is well proven. Even the untutored Indian had learned the curative value of some of these and taught the early settlers their uses. The Indian never liked work so he wanted his squaw to get well as soon as possible that she might do the work and let him hunt. Therefore, he dug "papoose root" for her, for that was their great remedy for female weaknesses. Dr. Pierce uses the same root—called Blue Cohosh—in his "Favorite Prescription," skillfully combined with other agents that make it more effective than any other medicine in curing all the various weaknesses and painful derangements peculiar to women.

Many afflicted women have been saved from the operating table and the surgeon's knife by the timely use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Tenderness over the lower pelvic region, with backache, spells of dizziness, faintness, bearing down pains or distress should not go unheeded. A course of "Favorite Prescription" will work marvelous benefit in all such cases, and generally effect a permanent cure if persisted in for a reasonable length of time. The "Favorite Prescription" is a harmless agent, being wholly prepared from native medicinal roots, without a drop of alcohol in its make up, whereas all other medicines, put up for sale through druggists for woman's peculiar ailments, contain large quantities of spirituous liquors, which are very harmful, especially to delicate women. "Favorite Prescription" contains neither alcohol nor harmful habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on each bottle wrapper. It is a powerful invigorating tonic, imparting health and strength in particular to the organs distinctly feminine. For weak and sickly women, who are "worn-out," or debilitated, especially for women who work in store, office, or school-room, who sit at the typewriter or sewing machine, or bear heavy household burdens, and for nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will prove a priceless benefit because of its health-restoring and strength-giving power.

For constipation, the true, scientific cure is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Mild, harmless, yet sure.

INDIAN SCHOOL BOYS.

In the last two weeks nearly 300 Indians have been brought to Lawrence from the various reservations all over the western part of the United States to receive their first introduction to training school life at Haskell institute, south of this city. A large majority of the newcomers at the school have completed the first, second and some the third grade of elementary school work in the reservation schools, but to others their arrival here was their first experience in school.

Not much can be told from the size and age of the new arrivals of the progress they have made toward securing an education. Some that are nearly grown have to start in at the first grade, while others considerably smaller who have started to school on the reservation while comparatively young, may be able to pass the third or fourth grade examinations. The character of the new students at Haskell has changed wonderfully in the last few years. Only three or four years ago the opening of school at Haskell would be marked by large squads of Indians, clad in reservation clothes of rather old-fashioned Indian style and wearing moccasins on their feet, passing through the streets of Lawrence on their way to the institute. Easterners have happened to be in the city at the time would certainly have believed their ideas of Western life were being realized to see the troops of "uncivilized aborigines" coming down the principal streets of the town.

Now the "wild" Indian is the exception to the rule, and by far the larger part of the new students have made considerable advance toward complete civilization at the reservation schools or by contact with Indians who have attended the different institutes of learning in the country.

Especially is the advance in civilization noticeable in the names of the newcomers. Where formerly such names as Rain-in-the-Face, Black Bear, Big Thunder and the like were common things, now most of the boys and girls have already taken English translations of their Indian names, or have taken an altogether new name more to their liking. Much confusion often results in the keeping of records at Haskell from this changing of names. Last Saturday a squad of Crow Indians arrived at the institute, several of whom had two names, one under which they held their allotments and received their money from the government, and the other an English name, which to them was more satisfactory than the old Indian name.

Haskell is one of the three government Indian schools, and draws its pupils from every reservation in the United States. The other smaller schools are restricted to certain districts surrounding the schools. A large part of the Haskell students come from Oklahoma, from the Pawnee, Ponca, Otoe, Kaw, Osage, Wyandotte, Kiowa, Arapahoe, Shawnee and Sac and Fox reservations.—Kansas City Star.

QUEER CUSTOMS.

Every year in the Rumai country, in India, about October, a marriage lottery is held. The names of all the marriageable girls and of the young men of the circle who want to get married are written on slips of paper and thrown into separate earthen pots. From these they are drawn against one another by the local wise man. This simply determines the fact that the Rumai girl has come out and is ready to be married; and the youth whose name is drawn against hers thereby obtains a letter of introduction, with authority to make love immediately, wtih what ardor and success he is capable of.

Very common in Japan is the custom of adopting children to keep a family name from becoming extinct. There is scarcely a family in which it has not at some time or other been observed. A person who has no male issue adopts a son and, if he has a daughter, often gives her with the adopted son in marriage. A youth, or even a child, who may be the head of a family, occasionally adopts, on the point of dying, a son older than himself to succeed him.

A quiet superstition is prevalent in many English villages. When a woman is going to be married every effort is made to prevent her from seeing her wedding ring before the ceremony, as it is considered that a sight of it except at the altar is bound to bring bad luck.

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Recent Literature.

The following books have been received by The Blade from the publishers named. For further information address the publishers, not us:

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 426-428 West Broadway, N. Y.:

In the little volume entitled The World's Christmas Tree, is a powerful plea by Dr. Charles Edward Jefferson for a return to the true spirit of Christmas which has been lost sight of in the season's almost universal giving and receiving. The message of the book is very clearly and prettily conveyed.

Intimate sketches of the environment of Jesus and his mission are presented by Bradley Gilman in the book entitled The Open Secret of Nazareth. This exposition of the teachings of Christ, studied in the light of eastern traditions and customs is presented in a series of beautiful letters of high spiritual import, filled with suggestion, reverence and sympathy. The volume is attractively printed in two colors, and enriched with numerous illustrations from scenes in the Holy Land.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., 215 Wabash avenue, Chicago:

Randall Parrish's new novel is entitled Bob Hampton of Placer. The scenes are laid in Wyoming and Montana at the time of the Sioux uprising in 1876, and the story opens with a thrilling description of Bob, a cowpuncher, trapped in a canyon by the Indians, where, after several days' of brave resistance, they are massacred, with the exception of the hero of the tale, Bob Hampton, and a young girl known as Kid Gillis. Mr. Parrish is especially skilful in his delineation of perilous situations and daring escapes, and his latest book is of a character to engage the reader's close attention until the tale is told.

Quotations from ancient and modern literature, selected by H. B. Metcalf, form the contents of the volume entitled Gems of Wisdom for Every Day. A quotation is presented for each day of the year, gathered from writings which are inspirational in character and are the expression of lofty thought and fine philosophy.

A romance full of flavor of the sea is Professor Charles G. D. Roberts' latest brilliant novel, entitled The Heart That Knows.

It is a story told with dramatic force and a charm that belongs to this author. The reader thrills with sympathy for those who are so terribly wronged, and he follows the action with a tense interest that never diminishes until the final page is reached. And not the least attraction is the graphic descriptions of the everchanging sea. It is a strong work.

L. C. Page & Co., 200 Summer street, Boston.

The vivid descriptions of natural scenery by Stewart Edward White are so well known to his many readers that a new book telling of journeys over mountains and through valleys is sure to win attention. The present volume, The Pass, relates the story of wanderings through the western Sierras, climbing to great heights above the clouds at peril of life and limb, then descending again at equal risk.

The volume is tastefully gotten up with many illustrations from photographs and a frontispiece in colors by Fernand Lungren. It comes from the press of The Outlook Publishing company, 239 Fifth avenue, New York.

The new novel from the pen of George Barr McCutcheon is named Jane Cable. It follows the fortunes of two families brought by circumstances into close relations, in which there is always a dramatic element. The heroine is pretty Jane Cable, the daughter of David Cable, a prominent railroad man. The hero is the son of James Dansemore, a rather noted lawyer, who has linked his pockets at the expense of integrity.

The volume is illustrated in color by Harrison Fisher and is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., 372 Fifth avenue, New York.

Philip Verrill Mighels relates a Robinson Crusoe sort of a story in The Crystal Sceptre, a tale in which there are many curious advantures, wonderful escapes, and a great deal of fighting. Moon is an important feature of the tale and descriptions of life among a strange people help to make the interest of this ingenious narrative. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

The voyages and explorations of Samuel De Champlain, as they were narrated by himself, have been recently published in a popular edition. The translation is by Annie Nettleton Bourne, and the work is brought out in two volumes, edited with introduction and notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. The introduction sketches the life of Champlain and gives an account of the various of his writings which are accessible to the English reader. The volumes are published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 156 Fifth avenue, New York.

In the little volume entitled The Pursuit of Happiness, written by George Hodges, are set forth certain helps by which the author belives this much desired state may be attained. The book emphasizes the power of thought in guiding "the pursuit" to the desired destination, and imparts some excellent advice regarding the mental management of life.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., 34 Union Square.

But the Rest Is Not Silence.

Uncle (visiting nephew at school on prize-giving day)—How many voices are there in your chapel choir?

Nephew—About seven.

Uncle—Why, I had an impression that it had forty or fifty members.

Nephew—So it has, but you asked me how many voices.—Tit-Bits.

The Theory of Bad Luck

A Man's Career Is Governed Unconsciously by His Habits.

"There is much written and told about the 'indefinable something' which seems to accompany what we all term success in life, but few agree upon a definition of this well-put phrase," said a capitalist, in discussing this interesting question in the cafe of an uptown hotel with other men, some of whom had made successes and some had not, "but I have a theory to advance, based upon a study of the subject for many years, both academically and practically.

"A great many writers and others lay much stress upon the 'stick-to-it-never-say-die' theory, proceeding upon the hypothesis that concentrated effort overcomes all obstacles, etc., seemingly forgetful that a man can stick too long to the bench, too long to the last, and too long to the same desk, and that rotation of effort oftimes more largely contributes to advancement and elevation than pegging away at the same old shoe. My own theory is a little out of the ordinary, and it is this:

"Life, after all, very closely approaches a mere mental condition in the individual, and that we are more solely and absolutely the result and the output of our own habits than the average thinking man imagines, and way beyond what the unthinking man has any idea of at all. We play the game of life according to these habits, which are but mere acts following the individual's mental condition, or more plainly speaking, our actions following our thoughts. Thus a poor poker player remains a poor poker player right along from start to finish, and he can play thousands of hands without seemingly to learn a thing so far as the ultimate result to himself is concerned. A poor household provider, a poor financier, a poor manager, an indifferent billiardist, a losing horse player, an aggravatingly bad whist player, a poor executive in an official position, an indifferent clerk, etc., ad libitum, very, very seldom shake off whatever mental operations of known or unknown habits, very often the last, which produce these contrary results to what is called success.

"On the other hand, and if one will take the little trouble necessary to analyze and prove in instances of his own acquaintance, or better, in his own individual case, success seems to come to the successful, as some people unknowingly state the truth, from 'force of habit.' This is, of course, a mere phrase, but it hits the situation to a dot. The men who through bad habits of reasoning, or through poor training or instruction in the matter in which they are seeking to attain success, will always fall behind the men whose habits of reasoning, training or instruction have been favorable.

"Let us continue in the field of speculation for illustration, as it is more interesting than that of business. In the first instance, that of the unsuccessful man, it will be found that he has established a habit of always selling the market short when he should have bought it long, or of buying it long when he should have sold it short. He is always on a horse which finished third when he plays it to win, or which wins when he plays it for third. He always holds a hand lower than his opponent's in whist or poker, while in business he is the man who is always getting stuck on sales of goods, or in real estate who prematurely sells his property just before the boom strikes his neighborhood, or in finance who buys bonds at a high figure only to have them depreciate when in his possession.

"Nearly all of this," continued the capitalist, "is largely a matter of habit, and I proved it in my case, when I once awakened to the truth of what I am telling you, though the realization was not a sudden one; it took me several years to 'get onto myself,' and to analyze the situation as it applied to me. A man in this case has got to reverse himself absolutely as to thought and action, or to be plain, he must establish an entirely new set of habits. If he is too tenacious he must relax. If he is too loose in his methods he must tighten them up. If he is too pugnacious and combative he must become more receptive. If he is too timid he must become bolder. If he is too close and penurious he must become more liberal, while if he is wasteful and profligate he must cultivate the habit of stinginess, and so on, as thinking men can appreciate.

"It is simply wonderful what a man can do by reversing himself in the doing of unprofitable acts, and a man is never too old to begin the turning of bad luck into success thereby."—Washington Star.

Old Sailor's Long Voyage Recalls Alabama Incident

Capt. Josscelyn, of the American bark Nuuanu, which has just sailed for Honolulu, was in an irate frame of mind this morning. The Nuuanu was twenty-four hours past her sailing time and was still hemmed in by a nondescript flotilla of vessels, and there seemed little likelihood of her getting away for many hours. Her skipper, a quiet-spoken man of about 50 years, fumed about the decks and found fault with the authorities for not clearing away the litter of shipping that surrounded his vessel. In Capt. Josscelyn's lapel was a boutonniere of flowers that looked as if they might have come from some old New England garden.

In all likelihood they did. The skipper of the Nuuanu is a New England sailor of the old school, and his vessel is owned in Boston. Every year she makes a round trip between this port and Honolulu. Under ordinary conditions the trip takes four months going one way, and in all the Nuuanu will have covered between 25,000 and 30,000 miles before she returns to New York again.

The ship is an iron bark built at Leith about twenty-five years ago, and is of 900 tons register. She is of that fast disappearing class of clipper ships whose towering masts and trim rig once made South street so picturesque a thoroughfare. The ship's company aboard the Nuuanu is fifteen all told.

Among the crew there is an ancient mariner named George Gibbons, as good a Yankee sailor as ever toiled at the capstan bars. For all his sixty-five years Gibbons is probably as spry below and aloft as any other member of the crew. A man of remarkable physique, he is finely preserved, and declares that he is "young yet." This is rather a momentous voyage for Gibbons. He is going to renew his acquaintance with Honolulu after a period of more than forty years. Not since 1860 has he seen the metropolis of the mid-Pacific, and he is looking forward to his coming visit with keen anticipation. He expects to find Honolulu greatly changed.

"I suppose great changes have come about out there," said Gibbons, as he seated himself in the shade of the midship house. "Honolulu has probably changed as greatly since 1860 as New York has since that time. The Hawaiian city wasn't much more than a bunch of huts on the beach when I was there.

"It was a lively little place, though, even then, and I thought it was in for a great future. I liked the town first-rate and wanted to go back. In fact, I shipped for San Francisco and Honolulu in 1863 from Boston, but never reached either place.

"That was in the full-rigged ship Anna F. Smith, which was built and owned down in Maine. We had trouble from the start on that voyage. The Smith leaked like an old basket. I remember one night we were caught in a squall, and the main topsail and when we got down to the deck again there was four feet of water in the hold.

"W got down toward the south'ard pretty well, but she got leakin' so bad that we hadn't the heart to go to Thomas's in the Indies. While we were there the rats left the ship and I said to myself, 'George, this ain't goin' to be no good v'yage,' an no more it was. After leaving St. Thomas's we made out middlin' well till we got past Bayhee and down around the latitude of Rio. Then one morning early we was tumbled out of our bunks unceremonious and coming on deck we saw a rakish-looking bark off on our weather quarter. We were homeward bound, and we were captured by pirates.

The captain, however, said the rakish-looking craft was the Alabama, of the Confederate service, Capt. Semmes commanding.

"Pretty soon the Alabama, the same as destroyed a big part of Uncle Sam's merchantmen, sent a boat over to board us. They swarmed over the side and clapped us in irons, all except the captain, while they broke out the hatches and began to rummage the cargo. They took everything they wanted, after which we were put to work carrying the stuff to the Alabama in the small boats.

"This was no joke, as you might say, with the handcuffs on us. When we were leaving the Smith for the last time the lieutenant in charge of the Confederate jackies set fire to the vessel and the last we saw of her she was a smoking hulk away off to the north'ard.

"We got aboard the Alabama and found all hands making merry over the capture of a good prize. The Alabama was a bark-rigged vessel with a funnel standing for'ard of the main mast. She was built in England an' sold to the Confederate states. During the day things weren't so bad for us on the rebel ship, but at night we had to sleep in the fireroom, where it was hotter than—than it was yesterday. Even around toe tropical line the heat of a fireroom is terrific, as you may guess. Those Johnny Rebs took about everything we valued except our pipes and tobacco. We were pretty lucky about them, I guess. They kept the 'bracelets' on us all the time, even when we had our meals.

"Pretty soon we laid course for the Cape of Good Hope, where the Alabama was going to wait for Yankee ships homeward bound from the East Indies. The first ship we sighted was the Express, one of the fastest clippers of that day. Semmes signalled for her to heave to, but I guess she thought she could get away, for she kept her course. The bow gun was lumbered up and the first shot brought the fleeing vessel's main yard clattering to the deck.

"She hove to after that, all right. When asked why he didn't stop at the first signal the captain said all hands were at prayers. The Express was treated in about the same manner as was the Smith—burned to the water's edge after she had been stripped of everything valuable. The Alabama used to fly the Stars and Stripes at times in order to deceive the skippers of American ships. I can remember she was flying the American ensign when we ran across the Boston bark Sea Bride. The Alabama ran right alongside the Sea Bride and she was taken without trouble. Semmes put a prize crew aboard her in a jiffy and made prisoners of the Sea Bride's men.

"This happened near Cape Town, and very soon the Alabama was riding at anchor in Table Bay. There were so many prisoners aboard the Alabama by this time that Capt. Semmes decided to parole us. He said that if we would sign an agreement not to take up arms against the Confederate states he'd put us ashore in Cape Town. Most of us signed the paper, knowing we couldn't join the Yankee army in South Africa. Consequently, we were sent ashore.

"I've told you about all that happened during my thirty-five days on the Alabama with the famous Capt Semmes. All that came of my interrupted voyage to Honolulu. I can't tell you any more now, my throat is as dry as a contribution box."

"What you need is a drink," suggested a younger member of the crew.

"Nary a drink, youngster," returned Gibbons. "I haven't drunk liquor fer a good many years, and I guess it would be better for you if you didn't touch any."

With this abbreviated chunk of wisdom touching on the virtues of temperance Gibbons wound up the tale of his interrupted voyage to Hawaii so many years ago. He believes his present cruise will be successful one and that the fleet Nuuanu under the keen eye of Capt. Josscelyn will sail past Diamond Head light and under Maunaloa's "frowning crest" without serious mishap. And this time there are no Alabamas in the way.

Not the least interesting piece in the vessel's cargo is a great earthen jar which is said to have been found in an Egyptian ruin. It is being taken to Honolulu to be added to the antiques of a collector there. The jar came with most sailing ships, the Nuuanu rounds Cape Horn on all her trips to and from Honolulu.

WELL KNOWN NAMES.

Miss Belle Chamberlain was candidate for superintendent of public instruction at Boise, Idaho, and, not only secured the nomination of her party, but she did it in opposition to a "slate," upon which her name did not appear. Her friends advised her to give up, but she decided to "smash the slate" and her nomination resulted.

In the death of Miss Della Gero, of Winfield, Mo., the mystery of her life was revealed. Although nearly 50 years old, no one had ever seen her face for the last twenty-seven years. She was jilted in her youth by a young man who was going with her and since then she had refused to see any of her friends and acquaintances. She locked herself in a room and remained there all the time.

Some of the pluckiest feats of mountaineering in the Alps this year have been performed by women. Two ladies, Mme. Georg, of Geneva, and Mlle. Suchard de Pressense, of Paris, recently made the journey from Switzerland to Italy by way of the summit of Monte Moro. The climb was a very perilous one, owing to the quantity of snow, and the adventurous party was afoot twelve hours before arriving at Mucugnaga, the first Italian halt in the Auzascu valley.

In the town of Dessau a school for the purpose of training girls in chemistry, connected with the sugar refining industry, was opened some time ago, and has answered so well that similar training schools connected with soap factories, paper works and other industries requiring thorough laboratory training are now being organized. The young women in question are all girls of the better station in life and all who entered as original pupils of the first school have passed their recent examinations so satisfactorily as to have found posts at once.

DOCTOR'S WORDS

Talks About the Analysis of Postum Food Coffee.

To the Doubting Thomases, the endorsement of a physician as to the wholesomeness of Postum Food Coffee may be comforting.

When coffee causes nervousness and dyspepsia, it's time to stop it. And there is where Postum is a true comforter. It is a warm, palatable and wholesome beverage and at the same time is a liquid food.

Coffee does harm, not because it's well or poorly made—not because it's high or low priced—but because of the alkoid-drug—caffeine, it contains. The habitual use of coffee, therefore, forms a drug habit.

A Buffalo physician said recently, "I have used Postum Food Coffee in my family and find it to be all that is claimed for it—a most wholesome, delicious beverage. When made and served according to directions it is certainly delightful and refreshing.

"I have read carefully Dr. Davenport's analysis of Postum Food Coffee, as printed on the pkg., which I most heartily endorse. I have been prescribing it to my patients."

The Dr. is right and there's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Tools That "Handle" Easy

You want tools that give best service and longest wear. Finish is all right—but first, last, and all the time, you want strength, endurance, and proper balance for easiest and most effective use. There is just one way to get such tools—see that every hand implement you buy bears the name

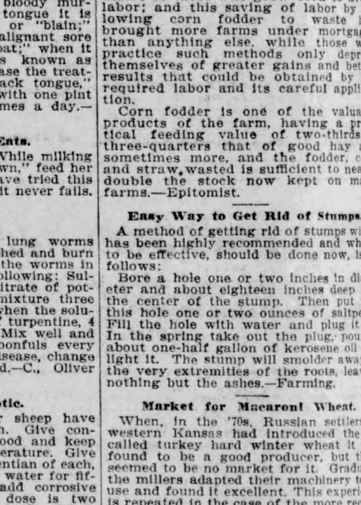
KEEN KUTTER

The Sign of QUALITY.

Take for example a Keen Kutter fork. Test it any way you choose it's the best—tines and tang are drawn and forged from solid crucible steel *without a weld*, spring-tempered in oil, and individually tested.

All Keen Kutter Tools—Forks, Hoes, Shovels, Garden-trowels, Grass-shears, Rakes, Manure-hooks, Axes and a full line of Carpenter Tools—stand the *hardest tests*, and are easier to handle than any other tools.

Every Keen Kutter farm tool has a well-seasoned, straight-grained ash handle. If your dealer does not have them, write us. Tool Book Free.



SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

I would esteem it a great favor if hog raisers would inform me how best to give salt to hogs. Would it be all right to give it in a trough, the same as for cattle? Or would it be better to mix with the feed? Persons who have fed salt to hogs will confer a favor by answering in Farmstead, as soon as convenient.—C., Clark, S. D.

Crop-Bound Hens.

N.: Your hen is crop-bound. When crop is full and hard, open with a sharp knife and empty it; sew up first the crop and then the skin with silk thread; feed on milk and bread until it is healed. If hen is not very valuable better cut her head off, for she will not be worth her feed.—C., Oliver Springs, Tenn.

Black Tongue.

R., Lizemore, W. Va.: This is a disease more commonly known as bloody murrain; when it attacks the tongue it is known as "black tongue," or "blain;" when in the throat, as "malignant sore throat," or "quinsy sore throat;" when it attacks the intestines it is known as "bloody murrain." In each case the treatment is different. For "black tongue," mix ½ oz. chloride of lime with one pint of water and give three times a day.—C., Oliver Springs, Tenn.

Milk While Cow Eats.

O., Bloomingdale, Mich.: While milking the cow that won't "give down," feed her something she relishes. I have tried this experiment many times and it never fails. —L., Craftsburg, Vt.

Lung-Worms.

N., Hillsboro, Ore.: For lung worms put your sheep in a closed shed and burn sulphur; the fumes will kill the worms in the lungs. Then give the following: Sulphate of magnesia, 6 oz.; nitrate of potash, 4 oz. Pour on this mix

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics — no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

The Great Lakes.

Editor Question Bureau:—What caused the Great Lakes—Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, Ontario—of North America? Why were they so called? Why are there no warships on the Great Lakes? Please tell all you can.—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

In replying to the first question, the cause of the Great Lakes, we must bear in mind that they are included in the St. Lawrence river system, an area which is 95,300 square miles in extent. Prior to the glacial period the land area of this region was greater than at present, and broad valleys were excavated by the rivers. With but few exceptions the last formed rocks in this great depressed region belong to the latest formations of Palaeozoic strata. The whole region was under ice-cover during the glacial period. This body of ice moved southward, elevations were worn down, the rocks were carved in fantastic designs, new grooves were formed, and the entire topography was changed. In addition to change of form produced by the movement of the great mass of ice, other and equally great changes were made by the vast amount of debris deposited by the glacial drift. Of this debris one peculiar formation is found in the rocks in Ohio, Western New York and other places where angular and somewhat rounded stones are imbedded in boulders or stratiated with rocks. Another is the arrangement of the boulders, showing in many places their removal from their original beds. Sand, clay and gravel were washed by the streams into long lines, so that in the St. Lawrence basin great sand belts extended across the country for miles and are usually found on the lowlands, and at places which were at once edges of ice-coverings. The rocks formed before the glacial period are in some places covered by glacial deposit for from 100 to 200 feet. The depressions where the Great Lakes are now were formed in part when the southern margin of the glaciers was constructed north of the divide which extended through New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and toward the Northwest by the ice-block. The glacier south of the divide discharged its melted water through streams flowing generally southward. The outlets of the glacial streams from the north ice-covering were at first southerly. At first there were only small but numerous depressions along the south margin of the northern glacier. They grew broader as the ice retreated slowly, and gradually merged into each other until the vast lake basins were formed which still preserve proof of their age in the Pataeozoic strata that has undergone but little change. Mechanical and chemical agencies and erosion removed rocks and graded the lake beds. The ancient beaches of the early lakes show that at one time the water occupied a greater space than at present. There are shorelines south of Lake Erie some distance from the present shore line and from 175 to 230 feet above the lake as it is now. East of Lake Huron are beaches showing a short line from 25 to 200 feet above the present lake. This record of an ancient large lake is called Algonquin beach. The broad beaches of the ancient lake, of which the present Superior is a part, are on the north shore and extend the whole length. They range from 100 to 600 feet above the surface of the present lake. The soils within the area of the lake-beaches now beyond the lake limits differ from the soils farther inland. They possess many of the characteristics of inundated lands.

Lakes Erie and Huron derive their names from Indian tribes. Ontario is also an Indian name, meaning beautiful. The name Michigan is derived from two Chippewa words—Mitchaw, great, and Sagiegan, lake—Great Lake, Superior, is a French name, meaning "upper lake."

The reason there are no warships on the Great Lakes is because of a treaty, or international agreement, between the United States and Great Britain training vessels are permitted, under the agreement to navigate the lakes. However, there could be no need in time of peace for maintaining warships on these waters, and the fact that they are frozen over several months in the year would be further reason for keeping them out.

Origin of Christianity.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me something about the introduction of Christianity—how and when it began. Tell as much as you can.—W. W., Dowagease, Mich.

Christianity is the religion instituted and taught by Jesus Christ, and had its origin in Him. To answer at length the above question would necessitate the discussion of religion, a subject that is forbidden in these columns.

Saratoga Springs.

Editor Question Bureau: For the benefit of the comrades who read The Blade, please give the information you can about Saratoga, the place selected for the next national encampment, G. A. R.—W. W., Parkersburg, W. Va.

Saratoga Springs will be all right as an encampment place. It is located 185 miles north of New York and 35 miles north of Albany. Boston may be reached in six hours; Albany and Troy one hour. Saratoga is on the southernmost spur of the Adriondacks, at an elevation of more than 300 feet above tidewater. The region around has practically no swamps, nor marshes. The mineral springs are about 50 in number, 30 of which are well known. The most frequently visited and the waters of which are most extensively used, are the Congress, Vichy, High Rock, Victoria, Adriondack, Hathorn, Star, Empire, Patterson, Re-Me-Ho, Royal, Red, Magnesia, Columbian, Geyser and Excelsior. The springs are in three groups, one about a mile south of the town, one a mile north, and the largest number within the corporate limits.

The principal public buildings are Convention Hall, which will seat 5,000 persons; the Town hall containing the theatre, a state armory and the hotels. The hotels on several occasions have accommodated 40,000 guests. On account of its spacious hotels and its convention halls it is a favorite place for conventions. The hotels expend during the summer season about $40,000 for orchestral music. The streets of the town are kept clean and in good repair. The Saratoga battlefield, the scene of the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates, October 17, 1777, is 12 miles east of the town. Two revolutionary battles were fought here.

In 1684, the land now constituting Saratoga and adjacent counties, was ceded to the Dutch by the Indians. The first white owner of the now celebrated "springs" was Rip Van Dam. In 1774 the first hotel was erected. Thousands come to this place each year, to use the waters, making it one of the most popular health resorts in the country. Since 1826 the waters have been bottled and sent to various parts of the world.

Dark Day of 1780.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a description of the dark day of May 19, 1780, mostly in the New England States.—C. L., Warren, O.

On the day mentioned the atmosphere in New England was so obscured as to cause in some places cessation from outdoor labor. Birds and domestic fowls acted as during an eclipse—they went to roost. The darkness began at ten and lasted until night, causing a feeling of alarm to spread among the people. There appears to have been an absence of clouds for most part, though light rain occurred. Though known as the Black Friday of New England, the area covered by the darkness extended west of that section. The cause was meteorological.

First Trolley Cars.

Editor Question Bureau: Where in the United States were trolley cars first operated, and in what year? Please tell all you can about them.—L. H. V., Highland Springs, Va.

In 1888 the first successful electric street railway was built in Richmond, by Frank J. Sprague. From this beginning the electric railway was introduced in all the cities and towns of the United States, and before the end of the century most of the lines formerly operated by steam or cable were converted to electric traction. Since 1892 the electric method of propelling cars has been applied to suburban and interurban lines. The method of applying electricity for the propulsion of street cars, to be comprehensible, would necessitate some understanding of electricity and electrical devices.

Facts About Alaska.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you please write some interesting things about Alyaska? Are the reindeer that were sent to Alaska by the government still there?—L. O., Alliance, O.

Alaska was discovered in 1728 by Vitus Bering, a Danish navigator in the Russian service. He explored the coast and islands in 1741, and Russian adventurers entered the country. In 1776 the Russians organized a company for the Alaskan trade, and in 1784 made the first permanent settlement. But Alaska never paid expenses to Russia, and the time came when the czar's government was anxious to get rid of its "white elephant." During the civil war Russia was actively friendly to the United States government, putting warships at its disposal. As a disguised payment, the government, on the advice of William H. Seward, secretary of state—who had an enthusiastic belief in Alaska's future—took the territory off the hands of Russia in March, 1867, paying $7,200,000 for it.

So much for the early history of Alaska. Let us pass to recent developments, which are of more interest, that we may think of the territory as something besides a land of ice and snow. Sixty years ago Sitka, a thousand miles from Seattle, Wash., was the industrial capital of the Pacific coast of America. From the shipyards of this town went forth the first steamships built on the Pacific. No better equipped naval station existed than that at the Alaskan capital, nor busier brass and iron foundries and machine shops. The California Forty-niner worked with a pick and shovel made at Sitka; the woolen clothing which he wore came from Sitka. But the captains of industry at Sitka were incompetent, the trade languished and in time the catching of fish and furs became the only occupation of the Alaskans. Even the purchase of the country by the United States failed for many years to add a stimulus to its lapsed industry, but Alaska has grown in importance. Fields of grain and gardens stocked with every variety of vegetable are now familiar sights on the outskirts of a hundred thriving settlements. From end to end of the Yukon river the traveler may wander during four months of the year and never see snow. Instead, there will appear rich vegetation, great forests, grass that grows as high as a man's shoulder and endless fields of plant life and berries in abundance.

In 38 years from the time the United States purchased Alaska the government received in revenues $2,000,000 more than the $7,200,000 paid to Russia for its purchase. President Rooosevelt, addressing an audience at Seattle, in 1903, said: "The men of my age who are in this great audience will not be old men before they see one of the greatest and most populous states of the entire union in Alaska. I predict that Alaska, within the next century, will support as large a population as does the entire Scandinavian peninsula of Europe, the people of which, by their brains and energies, have left their mark on the face of Europe. I predict that you will see Alaska, with her enormous resources of mineral, her fisheries, and her possibilities, that almost exceed belief, produce as hardy and vigorous a race as any part of America."

Alaska and the northwestern portion of the continent are undergoing a marvelous development. Ten thousand miles of railroad are already under construction or definitely projected in territory farther north than is now touched by any existing completed line. The first railroad undertaking in the far north was begun in southern Alaska and the British Yukon in 1898. In June of that year work was begun by a syndicate of English capitalists on what is now the White Pass & Yukon railway, extending from Skagway, in Alaska, to White Horse, Yukon territory, a distance of 112 miles. It was constructed privately to afford access to the gold fields of the Canadian Yukon, but has since been made a link in the continuous rail and river route to northwestern Alaska and Seward peninsula. The road was completed to White Horse in June, 1900, at places the cost of construction exceeding $250,000 a mile. The route had been used for packhorses in the fall of 1897, but the trail was almost impassable and immense numbers of the animals had died in their tracks. Two thousand had to be collected and burned before the work could be undertaken. The total cost of the White Pass railroad was about $5,000,000, but it paid nearly $2,000,000 profits during the first two years' operations. Since 1901 the signal corps of the United States army has put in working order in Alaska more than 1,500 miles of land telegraphs and submarine cables. On the Pacific coast daily mails leave by all the principal steamship lines and are forwarded from Sitka, Skagway, Nome and other distributing points by steamer, rail, wagon and carrier. Where ordinary means of distribution fail, the Russian reindeer, domesticated in Alaska, carry the sacks over the frozen lakes and snow-mantled uplands, traversing a vast distance in an incredibly short time. The highest salaried postal official in the world is in Alaska. He receives $25,000 a year for carrying the mail, twice a month the year around, to Fort Yukon, providing his own dogs and sleds for the purpose. There are now upward of 100 postoffices in Alaska, and mails are delivered regularly beyond the Arctic circle.

It may not be generally known that wheat has been grown and successfully harvested, where the experiment has been tried, but so far north as Fort Yukon, within the Arctic circle, oats, rye and barley are now grown regularly. The residents of Alaska are more hospitable, it is said than those of the great plains of Wyoming, Montana and some parts of Nevada. The temperature frequently is very coud, but there are no storms. Stock raising is becoming an Alaskan industry. The areas of rich growths of grass and absence of storms in the winter make many sections of the country ideal places for ranching. In 1892 the total foreign trade of Alaska amounted to but $28,366. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, the foreign trade reached a total of $22,000,000, of which the exports were about $12,000,000. With the gold and silver added, the exports would have exceeded $26,000,000, making the total foreign trade $35,000,000.

Porto Rico.

Editor Question Bureau: Would be pleased to have you give as much information about Porto Rico as you have space. How is its climate, the soil and rainfall? How are the schools? What relation does Porto Rico bear to the United States? Do they have the privilege of carrying on commerce with all nations?—C. C. S., Valparaiso, Ind.

Porto Rico is a possession of the United States, and has a territorial form of government. The government was inaugurated May 1, 1900. The governor is appointed by the President; the legislature, consisting of 35 members, is elected by the people; the judiciary includes the supreme and United States district courts.

The estimated area of Porto Rico is 3,668 square miles. Adjacent and subject to the same jurisdiction are the small islands, Vieques and Culebra, in the passage between Porto Rico and the Virgin group; Mona, between Porto Rico and Santo Domingo, and a few other islets. A chain of mountains, the summits of which are arranged in two nearly parallel lines with intervening tablelands and high valleys, crosses the island from west to east, culminating in the peak called El Yunque (3,609 feet) in the northwest. Lower transverse ridges, running northward and southward from the principal chain, sink into the wide plains which border the coasts. The eastern and northern slopes, valleys and plains receive an abundance of rainfall through all the year, while the regions on the other side of the mountains are often parched by drouth. The climate of the highlands is agreeable, barring an excess of moisture at some points.

Compared with that of the other West India islands, Porto Rico's agriculture is remarkably diversified, the chief products being coffee, tobacco, tropical fruits, rice and such vegetables and nutritious fruits as are required for the consumption of the inhabitants. Cattle raising is an important industry, the best pastures lying on the northern and eastern slopes. Exports to the United States, in 1903, were valued at $10,152,922; imports from the United States at $11,819,895. The total value of exports in 1903 was given as $14,648,765; of imports from all countries at $13,939,418. The manufactures of the island are sugar, rum, cigars, cigarets, articles of wood, etc. The salt works of the island produce about 10,000,000 pounds annually. In 1899 only 16 or 17 out of 100 Porto Ricans could read and write. Under the new government the number of schools was increased to 800, local authorities were required to build new school buildings, primary instruction was made compulsory, and existing institutions of higher education were supplemented by professional, normal, trades and high schools.

Case of Writers' Cramp.

Editor Question Bureau: Have been working in a bank for fifteen years and never had any difficulty until a couple of weeks ago in writing easily and rapidly. My wrist and a little above in the forearm seems to be stiff, and whenever I use a pen my hand turns over so the pen slopes to the left and it is not easy to follow the line. My writing is much poorer than usual. The station agent claims that he was bothered this way once, but that it wore off. Will you please tell the cause and what will be good to do under these circumstances?—E. L. A., Shelby, Neb.

It is probable you have an attack of writers' cramp, some times called scriveners' cramp or palsy. Writers' cramp is an occupation-neurosis to which those who do much writing, especially with the hand too tightly contracted, are very liable. A person with this trouble has no complete control over the muscles of the thumb and the middle and forefingers, brought into use in writing, although other manual operations are performed without difficulty. The affection seldom manifests itself till toward middle age. The various methods of treatment that have been proposed have not been very successful. Small surgical operations have been performed with occasional but far from general good results. The application of electricity to the adductor of the thumb, and the kneading of the muscles of the ball of the thumb and the lower part of the forearm, so as to promote circulation of those parts, are said to be beneficial, but the only way to obtain perfect relief is to abstain from writing altogether. If you are obliged to write you will do so with more ease if you use a pen with a very thick handle. If you must stick to your desk—have not time for complete rest—use your typewriter whenever it is possible to do so.

Forest Reserves.

R. L. S., Brookside, N. C.: The timber, water, mineral and other resources of the forest reserves are for the use of the people. They may be obtained under reasonable conditions without delay. Forest reserves are open to all persons for all lawful purposes. Persons who wish to make any use of the resources of a forest reserve, for which a permit is required, should consult the nearest forest officer. Ten per cent. of all receipts from forest reserves are given to the counties in which they lie, to be used for schools and roads. No one but the Special Fiscal Agent, Forest Service, Washington, D. C., is authorized to receive payment for the use of forest reserves.

For further regulations on this subject and authentic information in regard to the recent establishment of reserves, our inquirer should address the Department of Agriculture, Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

The Emperor of China.

Editor Qpestion Bureau. Will you please give me a short history of the emperor of China and his family? I have a paper to write for our club, and will be grateful for all the general information I can get, as no library is accessible.—M. W. D., Grand Ledge, Mich.

We would be pleased to tell all that our inquirer and her club desire to know about the emperor of China, but there are limitations to our knowledge on the subject. We hear little of the emperor of China, and, as a matter of fact, the present emperor, Kwang Hsu, is no great shucks as a royal personage, anyhow. His aunt, the dowager empress, is the real person behind the throne in China, and the emperor, if reports are true, is guided principally by the crook of her finger. We sometimes read things in the newspapers in regard to the emperor, but these occasions are few and far between. If our memory is not at fault, we believe the last published statement concerning him that came within our observation was that Kwang Hsu was learning to ride a bicycle. Had he fallen and broken his neck, we should probably have heard of it, yet that is not absolutely certain, for little information concerning his royal highness finds its way into American newspapers. The present emperor of China was born August 14, 1871, and began reigning in 1875. According to the Chinese theory, the emperor is the Son of Heaven and the father of his people. He must follow the behests of heaven, and when floods or famine, fire or pestilence come, the people look upon the catastrophe as a judgment on the emperor, and he usually offers a sacrifice to appease its wrath. The job of being emperor is not a difficult one. In the administration of the affairs of state he has a cabinet, a council of state and a number of boards to help him, and under these boards are a multitude of officers. So there is always plenty of help. Besides these, the present emperor has his aunt to do his thinking for him. The emperor's family? We throw up our hands, especially as concerns Kwang Hsu. We know something about the limitations of the families of Chinese emperors in general, however. The Chinese emperor has one legitimate wife (empress), two wives of an inferior rank (queens), and a great number of concubines. The emperor makes choice of his successor from among the sons of his three wives, but the selection remains a secret until his death. The daughters are married to Mongolian or Mantchoo princesses. Every succeeding generation of the imperial offspring stands one grade lower in the ranks of nobility, until, at the seventh remove, they belong to the people at large, but are governed by a special board called board of the imperial clan.

The Ways of the Spider.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you please tell me all you can about spiders and their curious ways? I am unable to find anything about them.—F. B., Steubenville, O.

Spiders are roughly divided into two great groups—sedentary and wandering. The sedentary spider is a home builder; he lives on or in a woven habitation, and is a home lover, for he never goes off to the corner grocery of Spidertown to get the latest news and gossip about the neighbors. He procures his livelihood by staying at home and weaving pretty snares which he has cleverly manufactured for the purpose of capturing unwary insects. The wandering spider, probably the kind that frightened Miss Muffet, hunt their prey afield. Among the sedentary spiders are the webweavers, which make open webs circular or partly circular in form, usually vertical, but some horizontal. Lineweavers or netweavers, whose snares are mazes of crossed lines in the midst of which they hang back downward; our common house and barn cobwebs made in corners or rooms are mostly the product of lineweavers. Tubeweavers live in silken tubes spun in diverse situations sometimes with a sheeted snare outspreading from the mouth, as the common speckled tubeweaver that nests in hedges, borders and fences. Funnelweavers make tubular nests, usually silk-lined, often with extensions above ground. The trap-door spider is our best known type.

Spiders have an undeserved bad reputation. There is an uncalled-for popular prejudice against them. They are not half as dangerous as people believe. Some are ugly and repulsive in appearance but there are others that are prize beauties, even rivaling butterflies and beetles in brilliancy of colors. A few species may and do inflict a wound that may cause suffering and under certain conditions even death, but as a general rule spiders may be ranked among the least dangerous to man of the small and most familiar invertebrates. Spiders injure no foodplant or other product of human industry. In fields and groves, orchards and outhouses they are engaged in ceaseless warfare upon the enemies of man's prosperity, comfort and health. Their chief food is insects, and day and night they keep watch for the myriads of insects that otherwise would overwhelm us. One scientist, who has studied the spider and his ways, believes that it is doubtful if civilized man could successfully cultivate or even inhabit the earth, if it were not for the spiders, unless nature were to provide some other agency to hold even the balance of helpful and harmful life.

Our schoolboy friends will find these dewy autumn mornings an opportune time to study the spider and his ways. A walk into the fields or along the highways in early morning will reeval a beautiful sight. It is a good time to see what the spiders have been doing. The delicate threads of their webs, which have caught the minute beads of mist glisten in the early sunlight. The landscape is overspread with tents and meshes. There is scarcely a spot where some species of spider may not be found.

Miscellaneous.

L. A. C., Emporium, Pa.:—In The Blade of August 30, fifth page, we printed a list of the reformed spelling words. Please do not ask us to reprint it. Brander Matthews is at the head of the committee on latest reformed spelling. His address is 681 West End avenue, New York. It is quite probable that a letter addressed to him, with enclosed stamp for reply, would bring the writer a list of the words wanted.

H. C., High Point, N. C.:—Thomas Paine was twice married. His first wife, whom he married when he was quite young, lived but a year. He was soon separated from a second wife. He was irregularly attached to the wife of a Paris publisher.

J. S. O., Canton, Ill.:—We would advise you to communicate with or see some publisher of a weekly newspaper of the class you mention. Such a person could give you definite information.

J. C. G., Marshfield, Mass.:—Gen Fred Funston was in command of the force that captured Aguinaldo.

F. W., Bryson City, N. C.:—The presence of Chinamen in this country does not reduce the wages of American citizens. There are enough Chinamen in this country to have such an effect.

F. J., Ripley, N. Y.—We know of no preventive of gray hair. It has been averred that the X-ray will restore gray hair to its natural color. We know nothing about it, however.

M. B., Rogers, O.:—We are not sufficiently familiar with the marriage laws of New York to advise you on the subject.

J. W. F., Monroe, Ia.:—The Bureau cannot recommend anybody's stove polish. Can print nothing in these columns in the way of advertisement.

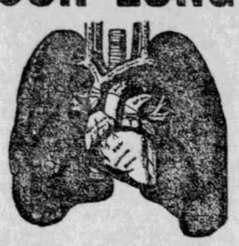
P. L. R., Tekamah, Neb.:—To give you the figures you desire would require a greater amount of research than we have time to give to the subject.

G. L., Fletcher, N. C.:—The editor of the Question Bureau knows nothing of the "Gospel Trumpet company" or the "Revivalist Family."

E. B. W., Greenville, Ill.:—Address Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langney avenue, Chicago.

D. S. B., Arlington, Wash.:—We know nothing about the story to which you refer. For other information you desire write to the department of agriculture. Do not expect replies by mail from us.

YOUR LUNGS



ARE THEY WEAK OR PAINFUL?

Do you spit yellow and black matter?
Are you continually coughing and hawking?
Are you losing flesh?
Do you have night sweats?
Do your lungs ever bleed?
Have you Fever and Chills?
Is your voice weak?
Do you have pains under your shoulder blades?

THESE ARE SYMPTOMS OF LUNG TROUBLE AND

CONSUMPTION

You should take immediate steps to check the progress of these dangerous symptoms. The longer you allow them to advance and develop, the more deep seated and serious your disease becomes.

We Stand Ready to Prove to You

absolutely, that Lung-Germine, the German Specific, has cured completely and permanently hundreds of advanced cases of Consumption (Tuberculosis), Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes and other Lung Troubles. Not one case but hundreds.

Many sufferers who had lost all hope of recovery and who had been given up to die by skilled physicians have been permanently cured by Lung-Germine.

It is not only a cure for Consumption but a positive preventative. If your lungs are merely weak and the disease has not yet manifested itself, you can prevent it by using Lung-Germine. It will build up your lungs and system to their normal strength and capacity.

Lung-Germine has cured advanced Consumption, in many cases over three years ago, and the patients remain as strong and well today as the day they were cured.

Here Is Evidence From One Case

Under date of April 20, 1906, William Schmidt, 1904 Coleman St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "It is now nearly three years since my case of Consumption was made complete by your Lung-Germine, and I am happy to say that I remain as well and strong today as the day I was cured. I am healthy and able to work every day."

We will gladly send you further proof of many other remarkable cures, also a FREE TRIAL of Lung-Germine, together with our new book on the treatment and cure of Consumption and Lung Trouble.

JUST SEND YOUR NAME

Lung-Germine Co., 1009 Weber Blk., Jackson, Mich.

HEBREW TEMPLE.

Though Americanized, the Race Proudly Remains Oriental.

The revised, reformed and exhaustively Americanized Jews are building a new temple, out in the Back Bay Fens, and its architecture fairly screams with Orientalism. Not that I object, I merely marvel. The severe white facade and the squat domes have certainly a pleasing aspect, while the site, in plain view from Commonwealth avenue, is downright superb. Yet I find myself more or less mystified by the way the edifice is defying every suggestion of things Occidental.

Now it would have been easy enough to disguise its Jewish appearance. Gothic would, of course, have been absurd, but Renaissance, Christian only at second-hand and a secular as sacred was still available. And it is apparently the ideal of the revised Jew to disguise his racial origin and affiliations. He aspires to the esteem of Gentiles and to get it he makes himself a mere attenuated, not to say depleted and disfigured Hebrew. He willingly discards his Oriental practices, his Oriental beliefs, his Oriental fastidiousness, and sometimes even his Oriental name. Moreover, he has conceived a new and ultra-revolutionary ideal—to be American, to be modern. Why, then, this distinctively Hebraic architecture, which serves as a badge of ethnic identity?

Scratch a Reformed Jew and you find an Orthodox. No matter how radical his ideas, he remains unchanged. He is proud of his race. He remembers its antiquity. He reveres its genius. He glories in its sufferings. He is still a favored child of Israel, a member of the Chosen People. Nothing disturbs him deeper down and more painfully than any suggestion that possibly his ancestry contained elements other than Jewish. Says Bernard Richards: "What a tragedy to be a Jew, and how magnificent!"

So it is after all only natural that the racial spirit should find expression in candidly Asiatic architecture. Also it is something to command our unfeigned respect, and to make us look the more kindly upon the self-respecting race-consciousness it represents. It is not by avoiding Hebraism that the Hebrew wins our regard. It is rather by glorifying it.—Clerk of the Day.

INTELLIGENT ANIMALS

Africa Isn't Ahead of the Good Old American Farm.

Truly, Africa is the land of romance. Nothing comes out of its mysterious interior but is tinged with the glamour of the remote; not even the most ordinary facts. Let but a traveler return thence with tales of natives who communicate with their neighbors, the monkeys, and our ingenuous daily press bursts forth into headlines of amazement, as it recently has done over a distinguished American surgeon's observation regarding the "brick colored pygmies." An announcement of food by the pygmy, says this explorer, will bring the monkeys hastening to the spot with watering mouths. Other investigators have patiently endeavored to learn the Simian language. For the enterprising gentleman who sits in a forest cage exchanging the small talk of the day with a company of intelligent and refined gorillas outside, we cherish only profound respect. But we wish to enter claim to the credit for parallel achievement on the part of certain quondam acquaintances of our own, who also communicate with the brethren of feather and fur in words well comprehended of the elect.

In our happy childhood days we remember a woman in Scipio Center, N. Y., whose mastery of the gallinaceous tongue was such that she could rouse suspicion in the mind of any hen that there was a square meal coming by the shrill utterance of a formula beginning, "He-e-e-ere chick!" It is within the range of our experience that the cry "Co'-boss!" is readily understood by the cattle of Lincoln, Ill., as indicating milking time, and in Cotuit, Mass., if local tradition be true, there lives the intellectual master of a still more intellectual porker, who, by the swift repetition of the monosyllable, "Peeg, peeg, peeg!" can arouse in his pet unmistakable symptoms of gastronomic expectancy. Also we have heard a man talk to a stalled automobile in such terms that it straightway blew up and caught fire. Unfortunately, such prodigies are unremarked by science and the eager press, because they occur in America. If the practitioners of these methods of communication with the hen, the cow, the pig and the motor car will transplant themselves to Africa, we can assure them of at least a one-day glory in the newspaper headlines.—From Collier's Weekly.

CHANCE THEIR CHANGE

A British Wail Over a Matter of Small Coin.

How long are we to be afflicted with a cumbersome copper coinage instead of a small nickel one? If Mr. Asquith wishes to merit the approbation of his fellow countrymen during his tenure of office he will do away with this relic of barbarism, which dates from Lycurgus and from which most other countries have emancipated themselves. The penny and the half-penny are merely tokens and do not represent intrinsic value. Copper has risen from an average of £50 per ton to above £80 per ton. The token must cost us nearly twice as much as it did a few years ago. The only objection to the nickel coinage is that it is a little difficult to distinguish it from the silver coinage of the same size. But this might be got rid of by making the former in rings—i. e., with a hole in the middle of each coin—and this would have the additional advantage of effecting a saving in metal. No further copper coins should be coined. All existing ones should be exchangeable for the new coins at any postoffice. In effecting this change Mr. Asquith might commence the decimalization of our money. Twelve pence might be exchanged for ten nickel coins or for twenty of the value of a halfpenny, or in order to lead to the exchange being speedily made, of twelve or twenty-four new coins. In addition to the penny and halfpenny there ought to be a new numeral of new nickel coins of the value of one-tenth of a penny. This would be a great gain to very poor people who make little purchases. As it is they often pay more proportionately for their small purchases than others. When once a step is taken toward decimalizing our coinage that of new weights and measures will soon follow. I hope that it will not be long before both are effected, for no country that has ever adopted the decimel system has regretted it. Not only for purposes of calculation, but for all commercial transactions it is better than any other. The French system of weights, measures and coins is a perfect scheme, and it has the advantage of being in use in all Latin countries. All that is needed is for us to rally to it.—London Truth.

MAKE THE HENS MOLT.

One of the achievements of modern poultry keeping is that of forcing a hen to doff her old coat, and grow a new one before the time when she should do so naturally, says Farming. Many hens shed their feathers so late in the season naturally that cold weather overtakes them before they get new suits, consequently they seldom begin laying before spring. If the molt can be hastened so that a new coat of feathers is grown and the laying can be started before cold weather, the prospect is good for a supply of eggs during fall and winter.

The result is usually accomplished by cutting off all meat and mash foods, putting the hens on short rations of grain for a week or so to stop the laying; then allow more liberty, and feed a full ration high in protein. This loosens the old feathers, which drop off quickly, and starts a rapid growth of the new. A liberal allowance of beef scrap is essential, and linseed meal is an advantage. Sunflower seeds are also good during the molt.

FREE To Rheumatic Sufferers

A Dollar Bottle of KELLY'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP. Send Name and Address to

KELLY'S RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO.
Sacramento, Calif.

A HOUSE of MEMORIES.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

The old house was to be sold. The surviving members of the family in whose possession it had been for half a century or more, had moved to other places and there was none of their name left who wanted its shelter. In early days it was the grand house of the town, and even in its decay, when shouldered by modern dwellings, it stood a sturdy, square old house, its walls crowned with battlements that gave it the semblance of a mediaeval castle.

The place was much out of repair and in need of improvements, it was said, but outwardly it reared its massive bulk of stone and concrete with an appearance of solidity that would withstand the passing of ages. It was an aristocrat of an old house, which made its neighbors built in later years look like parvenus, and because, for you, it was filled with happy memories, you wished to see its rooms once more before it passed into the hands of a new owner who would tear down and build up and change its proportions to suit his fancy.

You might never see it in its original aspect again. You were no longer a resident of the town it had graced for so many years, and before you came for another visit the changes you more than half resented might have taken place.

Going into an old house is like opening a book of romance or history. Though unoccupied and devoid of furnishings, a house that has long been the home of one family is peopled with the wraiths of the life that has been lived within its walls. The floors seem to give out echoes of the footsteps that have passed. The joys and sorrows that have found place there leave their impress, and former associations dwell within.

The time that had intervened since last you entered was as naught when you swung ajar the massive front door, now unlocked with a tiny, modern key, and you remembered the great piece of iron which once secured the portals. The old lock was still there, and it seemed but yesterday when the size of the key which fitted it was the subject of jest to the youngest daughter of the house. She was your friend and good comrade from childhood, and when she came to the age of going to evening parties, the imposing key which she carried to let herself in upon her return was the occasion of much comemnt and laughter. It was a key planned to unlock the iron door of some ancient donjon keep, and it resembled an implement of deeds, dark and tragic.

Before you, when the door was opened, stretched the wide hall which divided the house in half. A like wide hall divided the upper floor in the same manner. It was reached by a stately stairway of easy ascent that curved gracefully near the top and was fitted with a balustrade of mahogany. Time slipped still farther back, and you remembered two tomboy girls, of whom you were one, who used to slide down the smooth surface of the rail and land with a bump against the newel post at the bottom.

It was a fearsome joy. For one thing it was forbidden, and the peril of discovery lent zest to the game. Another attraction was the danger of falling off and dropping to the floor below, which in those days seemed like an abyssmal distance. Nothing disastrous ever happened, and someway, when you climbed the stairs with your hand on the smooth mahogany, you felt a touch of the old thrill and exhilaration you knew when you made the swift descent astride the rail.

The upper hall was a spacious room, fronted with a big window that let in floods of sunshine. When you were a daily visitor to the house, one side of the hall was lined with tall bookcases, with "cupboards," as you called them, below, and glass doors above. You could not recall ever having looked at the books that filled the shelves. You understood they were legal literature and books of serious import, for which you cared nothing.

The space in front of the window suddenly sprang into your recollection as the scene of a doll-playing paroxysm. It was only a spasmodic attack which lasted until a family of small china dolls was furnished with an elaborate wardrobe—which you made with infinite pains and close attention to the prevailing fashions—and then was flung aside to survive or perish, as it might happen. Dolls to you two girls, never made a strong appeal, you remember.

When you were there to say farewell, bookcases, furniture, everything that found place in the hall of old, had vanished. The bare boards of the floor resounded hollowly to your footsteps, but looking down from where it hung on the wall, was the portrait of a sweet faced woman; the stranded likeness of some member of the family you had forgotten, gazing serenely out upon the silence and desertion.

Descending to the lower hall again, you walked into what was once the parlor, with a feeling as if your bold entrance upon what you once regarded as sacred ground, were a sacrilege. The impression of grandeur this apartment made upon you when a child, was still retained, though its width and heighth seemed dwarfed. You had always thought of it as a room of magnificent distances and lofty ceiling whose stucco decorations were of a beauty at which to marvel.

This state parlor was commonly kept darkened in the old days, and you remembered with what timorous admiration you were wont to peer through the doorway at the cherry colored satin upholstery of the furniture, the quaint, china figures on the mantel shelf, and the gilded frames of the paintings and engravings, showing dimly in the shadows.

The memory of a child's party you went to there formed a distinct picture in your mind, and you saw yourself walking in the front door like an animated penwiper in your short, starched skirts, and you saw your friend and hostess rushing to greet you, with an expression on her face that denoted she had something weighty to impart.

"What do you think!" she exclaimed, in a piercing, scornful whisper, "Hat Wilkins is here with PINK shoes on!"

Then, catching sight of your own blue kid, clad feet, which you were vainly trying to hid, though but a moment before you had thought them something elegant, she made gracious amend by saying, "Oh, but blue shoes are all right," and this with a most gratifying accent on the color word.

You remembered how the little boys huddled on one side of the park occasionally bursting into loud and apparently reasonless laughter, to show their ease in society. And how the litle girls sat primly in a row of chairs on the other side of the room, painfully conscious of their party clothes and manners, until the older people led them into games that brought the company together and removed the strain. With the revival of youthful exuberance, the affair came dangerously near to being a riot before it was ended, for the boys, as you described them then, "acted perfectly dreadful."

You went down into the big, dark cellars of the old house where there was no floor other than the natural rock, and to the corner where there was once a spring that formed a black, still pool, almost even with the surface of the cellar bottom. The edges of the pool were of jagged, sinister looking rock, and its depths were said to be beyond sounding. The cellar was a place of deeply shadowed recesses, filled with lurking, unseen terrors, and you remembered you feared, you knew not what, when you gazed into the sluggish, sullen depths of the pool, into which you stared and stared, until scared out of your wits, you fled shrieking into the safety of the open air, only to be lured back again by the uncanny fascination.

The spring was filled with earth long ago, but to you it remained a scare hole which gave you a creepy feeling.

You went to the sitting room across the hall from the parlor, the last thing before you left the house. It was there you best remembered the gentle, little lady who spent the last years of her life in the old house, alone with her memories. Though the room was empty, you saw the rosewood piano with its thin, tinkly voice and mother-of-pearl decorations, in its accustomed corner. The long, roomy, haircloth sofa, big enough to hold a dozen people, stood across from the piano, and facing it, in another corner, was the "what not," with its sea shells and old-fashioned vases. A fire was on the hearth, and before it you saw the gentle, little lady, rocking in her chair, and smiling to you, a greeting. She was the last of the family to live in the old house, and she was there when it was new.

You could not think of the place without the gentle, little lady, and when you went away, you left her sitting there with no company other than the portrait of the sweet-faced woman, gazing serenely out upon the silence and emptiness of the upper hall. You left her there, because, in your memory, the gentle, little lady and the old house never can be parted.

The Sunday School.

WHEN A NATION FALLS SHORT.

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 14 is, "The Ten Virgins," Matthew 25:1-13. The Golden Text is, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." Matthew 25:13.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The latest big book on Japan is called A Study in National Efficiency, and the introduction is a ringing exhortation by a foremost British statesman to his own nation to learn the hour's lesson of watchfulness and readiness. The prophets upon all walls are today crying the one refrain. It is the truth for the times. The recent appalling disclosures in connection with the meat-packing scandal, in connection with the investigation of certain celebrated railroads, and in connection with the life insurance companies, are charged with the same message of need for vigilance which Jesus expressed by the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, two thousand years ago.

In the light of the life of today it would be folly to treat this great story from the standpoint of eastern wedding processions, the particular shape of the lamps used, and the customs which illuminate the details of the great parable. Even as a parable it is not to be pressed too far in all minor particulars. The message which it carries for a time like ours, too greatly concerned in the present moment to care about the possible future, is one of supreme importance, and one which must be learned by nations as well as by individuals.

The Day's Big Business.

The largest work

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1906.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CURRENT COMMENT.

Secretary Shaw is not an old man, but he has outlived many a cabinet rumor.

James J. Hill has sold $400,000,000 worth of ore, and he doesn't care how soon frost comes now.

The czar is preparing to move into his winter residence and pull the storm door in after him.

If the United States senate were only in session now Senator Platt could use it as a safe hiding place.

"What are we eating?" asks a western paper. Let us hope that it is not the label that was on the can.

What with the Filipinos and Cubans Uncle Sam has a nice little bunch of would-be-goods to keep out of trouble.

Surgeons found a gold nugget in the appendix of a Colorado man. Of course they announced that the operation was a success.

So far as we have been able to observe, despite so-called reform, football hair is still worn in the same violent style as formerly.

One of the latest bits of fiction, which has apparently escaped the attention of the book reviewers, is the Democratic Campaign Text Book.

Why doesn't some mathematician try his hand on figuring out the size of a cornucopia that would be large enough to hold this year's crops?

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, according to reports, is getting behind in the work of spending his money, but he is not calling for volunteers to help him.

Texas Populists will not put a ticket in the field this year. They are too polite to talk calamity while prosperity is singing a joyful song.

When his physician told him he could not live six months longer, the Sultan of Turkey, from force of habit, doubtless stuck the statement in a pigeonhole.

Secretary Root, no doubt, feels confident that the South American republics will like the free samples of the Monroe doctrine he left on their front porches.

As another evidence of prosperity attention might be called to the freedom with which the people invest their money in souvenir post cards..

Hughes has sounded the keynote of the New York campaign, and Hearst knows now that the music isn't going to be a love song with a guitar accompaniment.

Pennsylvania has a great capitol, but if an eye is not kept on it the muckrakers will tear it down to see if the cornerstone has been robbed of its contents.

Cuba has $25,000,000 in her treasury. Probably if the republic had been driven to the necessity of taking in washing to sustain itself there would have been no rebellion.

Mr. Hearst is now in the public eye, but there is litle reason to believe that it will be necessary for the public to engage the services of an occulist to get him out.

Now the report comes from Washington that the President will not appoint Taft to the supreme bench. Why should he? There is no insurrection in the supreme court.

It is believed that the new overseer of Zion City has made a mistake by adopting some of the language used by Prophet Dowie without first having it sprinkled with chloride of lime.

To have a nice young man like Senator Bailey singing sweet songs beneath her window, should naturally give Miss Cuba a few heart thrills, even though she isn't in favor of annexation.

SirThomas Lipton denies that he will marry a Chicago girl. It may not have occurred to him that the I Will Girl might be just the sort of companion he needs in a cup-lifting enterprise.

The Rockefeller family has held a reunion, during which the memories of a number of Rockefellers, who never knew what a pipe line looked like, were appropriately cherished.

The czar has been driven back to Peterhof because of the cold. One would naturally suppose that the situation in Russia is hot enough at all times to obviate the necessity of the czar carrying a soapstone about with him.

While there can be little doubt that the President is glad that he has Mr. Taft in his cabinet, it is not likely that he will mention him in his Thanksgiving proclamaton as one of the reasons for general felicitation. Other prominent men with presidential booms might not like it.

While many of us feel way down deep in our hearts that the woman suffragists should be allowed to vote, we sometimes wonder why they want a privilege that would call on them to throw their nice new fall bonnets in the air if their candidate should win.

When one reads of President Roosevelt making a speech in the rain, the first thought might be that he doesn't know enough to go in out of the wet, but after reading the speech itself it is easy to see that he is one of the wise men of the enlightened world.

AN IDIOTIC SACRIFICE.

When one reflects that there were gathered around the Vanderbilt race course on Saturday over two hundred thousand crazy people, the record of only five killed and fewer than two-score wounded seems incredible. As is too often the case, it was the innocent bystander who suffered, while the cause of the crowd and the authors of the excitement escaped with their lives.

Mr. Vanderbilt, who furnished the cup for this grand man-killing sport, didn't get even so much as a scratch.

The driver of one car and his machinist were knocked senseless in a spill, but otherwise the injuries was confined to the spectators.

Progress calls for human sacrifice. Most large projects claim a contribution of blood. People are killed in the construction of bridges, factories and skyscrapers, in the building of machinery. But civilization finds compensation in the results achieved, in the benefits derived.

This Saturday race was not a demonstration in the interest of science or humanity. It didn't determine the best nor the strongest machine. Nearly every one of those cars was capable of traveling 80 or 90 miles an hour on a straight away track. But it was a contest to see which one of those idiotic drivers would take the longest chances and escape with his life.

Mr. Vanderbilt is quoted as having said that there would not be another race for the cup in this country, but it is a question that shouldn't rest with Mr. Vanderbilt. The people, through their law making bodies, should see to it that there never can be another race like it. The Spanish bull fight is a civilized sport compared with it. One cannot read the details of the events without approving the opinion of the English physician who said recently that we were rapidly becoming a world of lunatics.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

If the brewers and saloonkeepers follow the advice of the Wine and Spirit News, the organ of Ohio liquor dealers, they will probably support the Prohibition ticket in the state this year.

A week ago S. A. Hoskins, Democratic candidate for secretary of state, made public a letter in which he comes out flat-footed for county local option and declares he holds as strict temperance views as did the late Governor Pattison. They who know Mr. Hoskins understand this letter was not written merely for political effect, as he has been recognized as a strong advocate of all practical temperance measures.

This declaration caused a flurry in liquor circles. Hoskins had dared make a platform of his own. The state Democratic convention had defeated an endorsement of county option and the brewers and liquor men felt their old ally was with them once more. The Wine and Spirit News proceeded to throw a fit. It denounced Hoskins as a bolter and ended by urging Democrats to bolt Hoskins because he had repudiated the party platform.

The very day the Wine and Spirit News was published containing the attack on the Democratic standard bearer a letter was made public writen by Hon. Carmi Thompson, Republican candidate for secretary of state. This letter had been written prior to the publication of the Hoskins letter. In it Mr. Thompson declares unequivocally for county local option and to show that he is consistent in his advocacy of temperance measures points to his record in the general assembly, where he voted for the Aikin law, the Jones district local option law, the search and seizure law and every other sane temperance bill. The Blade knows it to be a fact that Mr. Thompson did no little work among his fellow members to insure the passage of the Aikin law and other temperance bills—work he would not have done had he not believed in the principles which they embraced.

And now what are the brewers and saloonists going to do? The heads of both tickets are on record in favor of county option and both men are known to be favorable to any and all sane measures which will curb the power and mitigate the evils of the liquor traffic.

Looks as if they will be compelled to rally to the Prohibition party banner or get up a ticket of their own.

It is gratfifying to the great majority of the citizens of Ohio, regardless of party, that the beer keg is no longer a power in politics and that candidates have the manhood to come out in the open and ally themselves with law and order and throw down the gauntlet to the saloon element. It means better politics, better men in office and a higher conception of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

GOV. HARRIS ACTS PROMPTLY.

There is no hesitancy on the part of Governor Harris to clean house whenever such action becomes necessary. The Athens hospital is a case in point. The state board of charities made an investigation into the management of that institution. Loose methods have been employed in transacting business. Bills were paid by the trustees without being approved by the steward or storekeeper. The steward bought his groceries from one firm and others were not permitted to bid on supplies. In many ways the affairs of the institution were loosely managed and the state was footing the bills because of bad business methods.

When this report was made to Governor Harris there was something doing at once. Letters were sent to two of the trustees demanding their resignations and a third will receive a similar letter as soon as he recovers from a serious illness. Three new men will be selected by the governor for members of the board and then will come a reorganization and the dismissal of the steward, storekeeper and others, who are involved in the findings of the investigating board. The steward, who is involved in the trouble is Jerry Carpenter, one of the best known men in Ohio, a former member of the state senate and house and for a number of years on the state board of agriculture.

Governor Harris watches the state institutions with a jealous eye and will not tolerate loose business methods or sins of commission or omission. Honest himself he demands honesty of all connected with the affairs of the state, and he will not hesitate to take prompt action whenever and wherever he finds anything wrong.

NEW STORY FOR BLADE READERS.

With this issue of The Blade the story of The House of a Thousand Candles ends. We have little doubt that most of our readers found it charming, and made friends of many of its characters. Beginning with our next week's issue we shall introduce them to a number of strangers, whom we feel confident will become good friends on short acquaintance.

The new story that is to be offered is The Pillar of Light, by Louis Tracy. It is a wonderful story of a wonderful lighthouse and the people who were kept there by the fury of a storm, after almost miraculous escape from death by shipwreck. The tale is well told, contains many dramatic situations and is entertaining throughout.

"And the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock." — Matthew vii:25.

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

If persistence alone could win a battle the women of this country who are demanding suffrage would gain an ultimate victory. But they have many allies and one of the strongest is the frequent abuse of the ballot in the hands of the men. Surely we have witnessed the debauchery of man suffrage so often that none of us can advance as a sane argument against universal suffrage that women do not know enough to vote.

Then they have the support of men prominent in all walks of life, men of education and refinement who believe that the presence of women at the polls would cure most of the election evils of the present day. Bosses would find a new problem confronting them and one they could not solve in the usual manner, if indeed they could solve it at all.

Practically all of the opposition to universal suffrage that comes from order-loving citizens is based on the desire to save woman from what they believe to be contamination. They would wish their wives and daughters to vote if there were separate election booths for the women or if the right could be exercised without submitting their loved ones to the coarse gaze of the rowdy politicians. The Blade prophesies that if a practical remedy can be found for this apparent ill, the day of universal suffrage is not far distant. The women contend that the annoyance will be of short duration; that when they make their presence felt at the booths in any considerable number, the rowdy will go into retreat. That would be true in any other locality, but the ward heelers have enjoyed the exclusive privilege of being hangers-on at the polling places so long tha they regard it as their stamping ground by divine right and won't be dispossessed in a moment.

But no great question has been settled in a day nor without opposition. The women have made a valiant fight for half a century and today are more determined than ever. Here in Ohio we have had a noble band pursuing its campaign with a singleness of purpose that provokes the greatest admiration. The State association, in session here this week, added another stone to the structure in a resolution directed to the national legislature asking for the submission to the people of the sixteenth amendment whereby suffrage will be extended to women. The strides made in this struggle indicate a near approach to victory, and when it comes the women of Ohio who have participated in it can claim their full share of the glory.

TRANQUILITY IN CUBA.

They who foresaw in the Cuban crisis a chance for Senator Foraker to engage in another controversy with President Roosevelt in defense of legislative prerogative are doomed to disappointment, for the senator has given public support to the President's program of intervention.

There is no analogy between the Cuban situation and a declaration of war. President Roosevelt didn't declare war against Cuba or any part of it, but he exercised the authority vested in this country by the Platt amendment to restore peace when he found that the existing government either could not or would not restore it. No act of congress was needed to perform this task. Cuba is neither a part of the United States nor can it be considered in the same light as an alien country, because we retained a contingent supervision. And because of the Platt amendment, the President had the same right to put down the revolution that he would have to suppress an insurrection in this country.

It is highly gratifying to the administration that the Cubans are showing their confidence in the unselfishness of our motives, and that the work of disarmament is proceeding in a peaceful manner. It indicates a speedy restoration of order and a resumption of industry. The planting season is near at hand and the Cubans are turning to it with a will.

The new governor, Magoon, is one of the President's trusted advisers. He is a man of tact like Taft and possesses executive ability of a high order. He accomplished splendid results in Panama and he can be depended upon to administer affairs in Cuba in a manner that will advance the interests of the island and reflect credit on the government at Washington.

ROOSEVELT AND NEW YORK.

Some New York Republicans, knowing of the deep interest President Roosevelt is taking in the campaign of Charles E. Hughes, actually thought that he might stump the state, and appear disappointed when told that he has no such intention. If time was hanging idly on the President's hands, and if he saw defeat confronting the Hughes ticket, he might throw dignity and precedent to the winds and endeavor to stem the tide. Nor would he lose caste with any right-thinking man in so doing, for it would be understood that the President had acted only on the promptings of conscience and because he desired to save the greatest state in the union from the evils of a Hearst-Murphy dynasty.

But, fortunately, anything like an emergency does not seem probable. The defection of Democratic support threatens to be enough to preclude any hope of Hearst's success. And the written opinion of the President in favor of Hughes should point out to New York Republicans their duty, thereby dispelling the Hearst illusion of getting any considerable strength from that quarter. So that, with the situation as it now appears to be, Mr. Hughes is not in grave danger.

Then, again, the President has other irons in the fire. Affairs of national and international concern are occupying his attention. There is the Cuban business which happily promises to work out beautifully. There is the contemplated Panama trip, having for its object a more thorough personal acquaintance with conditions, and there is his own official household to be rearranged, now that Secretaries Moody and Shaw are making preparations to retire. All these matters demand his attention and, of themselves, will keep him busy.

But if, in the closing days of the New York campaign, it should be patent that Hearst is really a menace, and that the election of Hughes is in doubt, and should President Roosevelt become convinced that a speech by him might save the state from the consummation of an infamous bargain, The Blade does not believe he would stand a moment on the order of his going, and that speech would be forthcoming.

AGAIN IN THE HARNESS.

Last year President Roosevelt devoted a large share of his vacation to the task of mediating between Russia and Japan, and when he returned to Washington he plunged immediately into the campaign that resulted in the passage of the rate, meat inspection and pure food bills. It was a glorious year's record, albeit little opportunity was afforded him for rest.

Yesterday he again resumed his active duties at the executive mansion after a three months' sojourn at Oyster Bay. The earlier parts of the summer's vacation was care-free, but, with the Cuban outbreak came new responsibilities that broke into the rest period. However, it is reassuring to the people to learn that the President is the picture of health and apparently in excellent condition for another strenuous winter's work.

As was the case last year, so this fall his time will be taken up largely with legislative matters. There are many important questions to be considered in this closing session of congress, and in all the President has decided views. He is especially interested in the reduction of the Philippine tariff and in the final disposition of the reciprocal treaties. The San Domingo treaty is in a state of suspended animation, although the tentative agreement between the island government and the administration is in evidence.

It is the President's purpose immediately after election to visit Panama and personally inspect the operations of the canal commission. That is a project very dear to his heart and it is his aim to have the work so far progressed before his term expires that all debatable features will have been disposed of. His investigation may demonstrate the need of additional or amendatory legislation in order to facilitate the labors of the commission. Now that the character of the canal has been determined, the President is more than ever desirous of rushing the construction with all possible speed and in such a manner that no taint of scandal will follow its completion.

CLOSE OF A GLORIOUS SEASON.

Next week in Chicago will witness the close of the greatest season in the history of baseball. The contest for the world's championship between the two Chicago pennant winners will be a fitting climax. The year has been a succession of surprises. The Chicago Nationals played winnig ball almost with the drop of the flag, and while on baseball dope, two teams—New York and Pittsburg—were thought to have the better of the argument, they were unable to check the onward rush of the westerners, who won with the highest percentage ever gained in an extended season.

The Chicago Americans, on the other hand, won by a comparatively small margin. They got off poorly and failed to catch their stride until the season was well advanced. Then they came down the line in a whirlwind finish to the great joy of their admirers and the consternation of their opponents.

The final struggle between these two great clubs should be well worth seeing, and indications already point to a record-breaking attendance. On paper the Nationals are the favorites; for they have outbatted and outfielded their rivals. But the Americans have shown a wonderful gameness, and of late have improved their batting in a way that has brought them many admirers. It looks now as if every game would be fought to the last inning. While there is a good deal of interest manifested in the contest, Chicago people are complaisant, for whatever the issue, three grand pennants will float over the Windy City.

THE CUBAN PROBLEM.

While Governor Taft is winning the hearts of the Cubans by his pacificatory and diplomatic methods, Secretary Root, fresh from his South American tour, is endeavoring to impress on Americans that the aim of the administration is purely neighborly. The secretary of state picked up much valuable information in his visit to the South American countries and regards the situation bright for more cordial relations.

But Mr. Root declares that much depends on our attitude with respect to Cuba. The Latin-American people have long looked upon Uncle Sam with suspicion, and this has been cultivated by active foreign commercial agents. The secretary was able to allay much of this suspicion. He impressed on his hosts that this country was not selfish in its desire to sustain closer relations with them, that it was not in the business of territorial acquisition, but sought to create a community of interests for mutual advantage and protection.

To follow this declaration with the annexation of Cuba would, in Mr. Root's opinion, be a breach of faith and undo all that has been done in the direction of a commercial alliance. When we fought Spain we disclaimed any purpose of enlarging our territory, but informed the world that we were acting solely as humanitarians to free an oppressed people. That accomplished, we withdrew from the island and left the Cubans to work out their own destiny. Developments have proved that we were hasty in our conclusions, and that when we drove Spain out of Cuba our work was only half done. Now we must teach the Cubans how to govern themselves. We must instil in them a patriotic, national spirit before they can be safely trusted alone. When that has been performed, our responsibility ceases, and it must then rest with the Cubans whether they prefer to exist as a separate nation or as a unit of this nation.

But meanwhile Senator Beveridge should cease agitating any plan that has annexation for its purpose. Annexation may come, in fact we think it will come, but the demand for it should originate wholly on Cuban soil, and before we can consider it there must be no doubt as to the practical unanimity of the Cubans for it. Under the circumstances, it is unfortunate that the Indiana senator should persist in his prophecies, inasmuch as he is credited with being in very close touch with the administraton at Washington.

OUR MISSION IN CUBA.

Palma's statement that the American commission had forced his resignation, does not comport with the history of the Cuban crisis as shwn by the correspondence between Havana and Washington, which has just been made public by Secretary Root. Instead of President Roosevelt hastening to intervene, he moved with great reluctance, and only after it had become manifest to him that peace could be secured in no other way.

Actual intervention did not take place until President Palma had formally asked for it and announced his intention of resigning. That was on September 13. But for five weeks prior to this Palma had urged us to relieve him of the responsibility, and on the 8th, through our consul general at Havana, he requested the President to send two ships to Cienfuegos and Havana and take possession of those cities before they should fall into the hands of the insurgents.

The first ship did not arrive in Havana until September 12, and was sent for the purpose of protecting the property of American citizens, it having been demonstrated to the President that our interests were actually in peril. Secretary Taft reached the island on the 19th, and events moved rapidly from that moment, although every effort was made to bring the warring factions together. On at least two or three occasions the American diplomat was encouraged in the hope that the necessity for intervention would be overcome, but at last he was convinced that the task was hopeless, neither side being willing to make the concessions which would guarantee the restoration of peace. Acting under authority vested in him by President Roosevelt, he proclaimed himself provisional governor and landed the marines as a surety against any raid being made on the public treasury.

The participation of the United States in the settlement of Cuba's revolution is justified in all its details. We did exactly that which the Platt amendment, ratified by the Cuban congress, commanded us to do, and no more. We have brought order out of chaos, prevented the butchery of many and rescued millions in property from the hand of the pillager. We have turned insurgents from murderous intent to peaceful pursuits, and we will take good care that they behave themselves. Then in due time, when these hostile elements assimilate and show a disposition to live together in peace and harmony, we can withdraw from the island and give the people another opportunity to prove their willingness and fitness to govern themselves.

STILL PRESSING FORWARD.

It needs no subtle analysis of the President's speech at Harrisburg to find therein the sentiments of a man who is guided by a lofty patriotism and who is inspired by ideals that make for the moral welfare of the nation. The government has made progress in its efforts to curb corporate greed, but there is much more to be done before capital has been reduced to its legitimate functions.

That is the keynote of the speech and coming as it does on the eve of another session of congress, it furnishes an insight into the program which the President will advocate. And he takes pains to make it clear that he has no sympathy with assaults on capital or on capitalists as such. For he says:

All honest men must abhor and reprobate any effort to excite hostility to men of wealth as such. We should do all we can to encourage thrift and business energy, to put a premium on the conduct of the man who honestly earns his livelohood and more than his livelihood, and who honestly uses the money he has earned. But it is our clear duty to see that there is adequate supervision and control over the business use of the swollen fortunes of today, and also wisely to determine the conditions on which these fortunes are to be transmitted and the percentage that they shall pay to the government. Only the nation can do this work. To relegate it to the states is a farce, another way of saying that it shall not be done at all.

Thus we have the line of distinction clearly drawn between capital legitimately employed and entitled to its proportionate earnings, and capital that preys on the community through the exercise of privileges wrongfully acquired at the expense of the people. Against the latter the President has waged war unceasingly and will continue to wage it.

It is to be hoped that the mere incident of Mr. Rockefeller's having unveiled a monument to his great-great-grandfather will not revive the controversy as to the whereabouts of his father.

Nan Nan, Mrs. Thomas C. Platt's Japanese poodle, is figuring in the troubles of Senator and Mrs. Platt. But don't sneer. Remember that Nan Nan is the dog of the wife of a member of the most dignified legislative body in the world.

While Democrats now and then go to some trouble to explain that they are entitled to be labeled Thomas Jefferson Democrats, it is comforting to recall that the present occupant of the White House is a thorough Theodore Roosevelt Republican.

Pennsylvania unquestionably has a beautiful capitol building, and is proud of it. But will the same pride keep her penitentiary from becoming overcrowded?

It may cheer some heart bowed down to learn that King Edward is forced to practice strict economy in order to make both ends meet on a salary of $2,500,000 a year.

Diaz Still in Full Control of Mexico

PORFIRIO DIAZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

New York, Oct. 3.—The following self-explanatory letter has been published here:

"Americans living in Mexico or having business relations with that republic have been greatly grieved over recent reports of hostility to Americans in the republic and of the impending massacres of Americans or of riotous outbreaks directed against them. Having lived more than a quarter of a century in Mexico, and having been associated with large enterprises for the development of the country, I will state to the people of the United States that it would be utterly impossible to make a revolution in Mexico.

"The government is one of the best armed of any country, not excepting the United States, and they have all the modern improvements in arms of the newest and most superior class, and the soldiers are thoroughly drilled, well paid, well clothed and well fed, and they are loyal and true to the government of Mexico. Therefore, I can truly say, not only to the people of the United States, but to all other countries, that they can safely invest their capital in Mexico in all kinds of enterprises and rest assured that it is as safe as it is in their own country.

"The government has over thirty thousand good troops in the country, and they are loyal to the government, and each one would sacrifice his life to protect General Diaz and the government of Mexico.

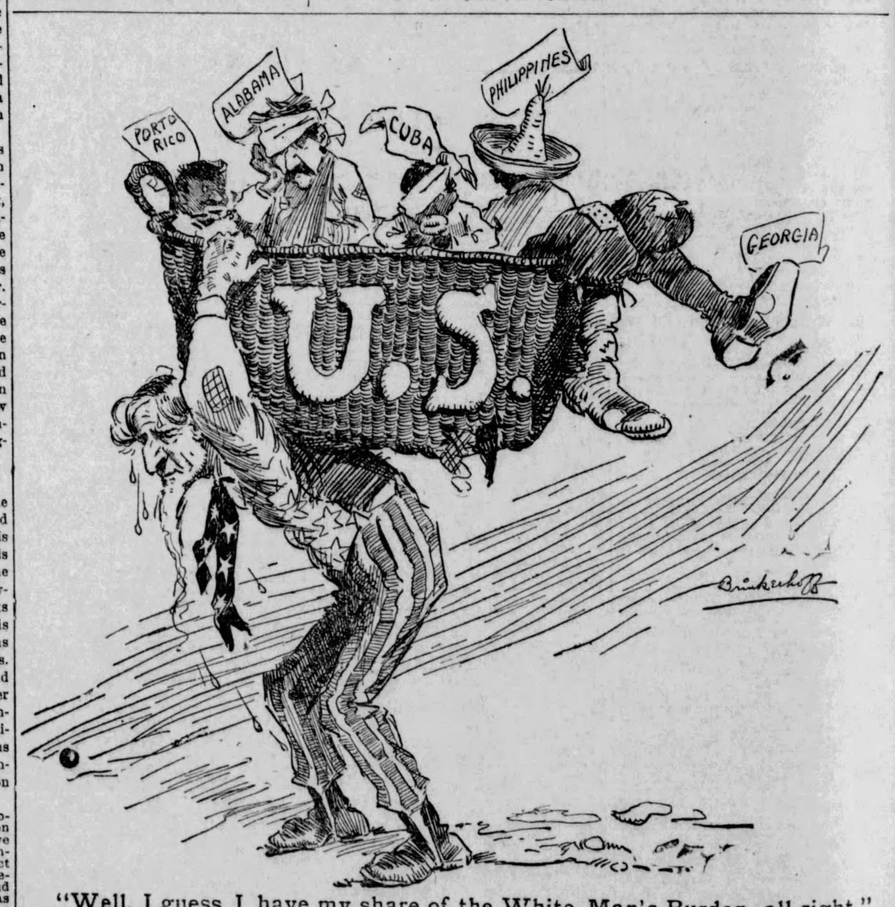
"Any person who would mention a revolution in any part of Mexico the people would look upon as a lunatic and a fit subject for the insane asylum.

"And I furthermore state that there are so many great enterprises now opened for investment in the Republic of Mexico which will give good profits to capitalists who wish to invest, and all investments now made in Mexico are as safe as they are in England, Germany or the United States.

"If any unforeseen accident should befall General Diaz, the president of the republic, he is surrounded by the very best men in the Republic of Mexico, whose honor and integrity are beyond question. Some of them are men of vast wealth and of great ability, and at present there are about $100,000,000 in the treasury.

These reports about revolutions in Mexico emanate from St. Louis. There is no truth whatever in any of the statements those people make, as they are trying to incite the peons against the government of Mexico, to try and get them to subscribe for their inflammatory and artless principles. By that means they are able, through these small subscriptions, to exist in St. Louis, Mo.

"A. G. GREENWOOD."



"Well, I guess I have my share of the White Man's Burden, all right."

Current Events.

Statistics at Milwaukee show increased consumption of beer wherever American occupation prevails.

Three deaths and four serious mishaps are reported from the football field, with the season barely begun.

Six hundred students ducked in lake at annual class rush between sophomores and freshmen at Madison.

Seventh regiment, New York, team of marksmen wins from British team in silver challenge shield contest.

Cuba's new effort at government will be in vain, says Senator Beverdige, and America must annex island.

Revolutionists in Russia start a carnival of robbery, attacking government cashiers throughout the empire.

Fire in New York, which causes a loss of $50,000, drives ninety families into the street and imperils much property.

New York customs officers seize $20,000 worth of emeralds and arrest Colombian on the charge of smuggling.

Two robbers kill manager of Japanase bank in San Francisco, beat clerk unconscious and escape with $5,000 in gold.

Edward B. Wesley, "the grand old man of Wall street," dies at his home in Port Chester, N. Y., at the age of 94.

Italian mothers storm a New York public school building believing "murder doctors" were cutting children's throats.

Massachusetts Democratic convention barely avoids a split over the Bryan-Hearst issue. Moran named for governor.

Miss Margaret Astor Chanler, an heiress, becomes the bride of Richard Aldrich, a poor New York newspaper man.

Pledge of $100,000 for the home rule cause in Ireland is given by the United Irish League at its convention in Philadelphia.

Five passengers, among them F. L. Block, of Peoria, Ill., are killed and a score injured in military special crash near Troy, N. Y.

Charles E. Halliwell, first vice president of the American Tobacco company, weds the trained nurse who won him back to health.

Butchers' association of Germany charges agrarians have received offer to monopolize meat supply of Germany with aid of American capital.

Massachusetts Republican convention declares if tariff changes are made revision should apply to all sections of the country and all industries.

Provisional Governor Magoon's peculiar fitness for the post, it is believed, will enable him to bring about an early settlement of affairs in Cuba.

Sentiment for annexation or a protectorate grows in Havana, where a movement is in progress to have the matter submitted to a vote of the people.

Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for governor of New York, and William R. Hearst, Democratic nominee, accept nomination and attack each other.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, in Lincoln, Neb., speech, calls W. J. Bryan a dreamer and shows where he has failed to do things while Roosevelt succeeded.

Governor Magoon predicts that the restoration of the Cuban republic will be accomplished quickly. One object of his mission will be to discourage annexation sentiment.

Senator Platt, so ill he collapses in hotel lobby, flees to avoid proposed visit of wife; she abandons trip and works off her temper by slapping photographer and smashing camera.

Woman in Pontiac, Mich., who has been married to six different men, at least three of whom are living, and none of whom has been divorced, says in court that she isn't a bigamist.

LOFTY MOTIVES.

I scorn the kind of politics
That needs the old machine,
I disapprove of shabby tricks;
I would be neat and clean
In running my campaign—unless
That method meant my loss.
For, with it all, I must confess
I want to be the boss.

Down with the leaders who have made
Election but a jest!
I seek the combat undismayed
And hopeful for the best.
And, lest these others should again
With things play pitch and toss
For selfish ends, 'tis very plain
I've got to be the boss!

—Washington Star.

Wanted the Seed.

A Hiawatha man, having heard of a man who had successfully raised a $2 bill, wrote to his congressman for some of the seed.—Troy (Kan.) Chief.

J. J. HILL, MALTHUSIAN

What Will Happen When the West Feeds the East.

That figures cannot lie is one of those absurdities that we call an "axiom." Figures not only lie, very frequently, but they are frequently insane. It was trusting to figures that made that good man Malthus the standing joke of political economy. But the "axiom" stands, and people are still led astray by it.

Now comes that eminent railroader, James J. Hill, a man of wonderful attainments as a builder and developer of trade, and endeavors to alarm us by an adaptation of the Malthusian theory that "population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence."

Mr. Hill calculates—his arithmetic is faultless—that by the middle of this century the United States will have a population of 200,000, and fears that these palpitating souls will gather about the Atlantic seaboard and collectively starve. He thinks that we should prepare to arbitrarily distribute this population, on its arrival, throughout the west, where there is more room.

There is no doubt that the west can take care of a vast population to mutual advantage, and there is neither any doubt that the west will be plentifully populated when the east becomes overcrowded.

Nothing can withstand an appetite. We may vainly appeal to man's reason, his honor and his ethical sentiment to rectify abuses, but when he begins to get hungry he "gets results."

When the population on the Atlantic seaboard begins to feel that gnawing sensation which sent it from Europe to find a brief surfeit in our east, it will tighten its belt and set its face toward the setting sun. And the 'prenticeship in American institutions that it served on our eastern shores will be good for it and good for the west it comes to.

It will have absorbed the "American idea," and know how to vote—probably how to control public utilities so that no one section will be arbitrarily developed at the expense of another.

We need not yet worry about our pressure of population. Wait until it begins to press. Then something will "bust."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FINE SILVER TABLEWARE

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS

"WILD ROSE," A STERLING SILVER DESIGN

WITH FRENCH GRAY FINISH

This is the best silverware offer ever made by The Blade, and every subscriber should take advantage of it.

We Offer These Goods to You in Two Ways

First—Without a subscription to The Blade. This is for the benefit of those who have just renewed their subscription:

One-half dozen Teaspoons	$1.00
One-half dozen Dessertspoons	$1.50
One-half dozen Tablespoons	$1.60
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in box	80c
Berry Spoon	90c
Gravy Ladle	85c
Cold Meat Fork	60c
One-half dozen Rogers 12-dwt. Knives and Forks	$3.60

Second—Combination offer for the benefit of those who desire to order these goods in connection with their subscription to The Weekly Blade:

One-half dozen Teaspoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.10
One-half dozen Dessertspoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.60
One-half dozen Tablespoons and Weekly Blade one year	$1.70
Sugar Shell and Butter Knife in box and Weekly Blade one year	95c
Berry Spoon and Weekly Blade one year	95c
Gravy Ladle and Weekly Blade one year	90c
Cold Meat Fork and Weekly Blade one year	65c
One-half dozen Rogers 12-dwt. Knives and Forks and Weekly Blade one year	$3.75

You have never before had an opportunity to purchase silverware, warranted for ten years, at such prices as we have named above.

SPECIAL—If you will send us 12c and the names of four or more ladies who are not now taking The Weekly Blade, we will send you one of these handsome Wild Rose Teaspoons. It makes a very pretty souvenir spoon.

THE BLADE, - - - - TOLEDO, OHIO

WATCHES

The Blade's Revised List for 1906-7—18 and 16 Sizes.

During the past season we have had so many inquiries from our readers for prices on 16 size watches, that we have included them in our list this season.

The 18 size watch is now the popular size for men and boys, being very much lighter in weight, smaller in size, and thinner than the 18 size.

With the exception of the 3-O size watches, which are Dueber-Hampden movements, we shall handle this season only Waltham and Elgin movements. The reputation and reliability of these movements are so well known to our readers that they need no further recommendation from us.

The cases used in our watches this season are the very best grade of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge this season for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be just exactly as represented,

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set. The 3-O size Dueber-Hampden watches are stem wind and lever set. The 3-O size watches are the smallest ladies' watches made. They are very dainty and may be worn as chatelaines.

All Watches are sent by registered mail.

We can supply any movement made by the Waltham or Elgin companies, and will be pleased to quote prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Men's Watches

No. 100—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$14.00
No. 101—18 size, 25-year open-face, 7-jeweled works	$11.50
No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$15.00
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open-face, 7-jeweled works	$12.25
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$15.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open-face, 15-jeweled works	$12.50
No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$17.00
No. 107—16 size, 25-year open-face, 15-jeweled works	$14.50
No. 108—18 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$12.50
No. 109—18 size, 20-year open-face, 7-jeweled works	$9.75
No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$12.75
No. 111—16 size, 20-year open-face, 7-jeweled works	$10.00
No. 112—18 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$13.50
No. 113—18 size, 20-year open-face, 15-jeweled works	$10.50
No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$15.00
No. 115—16 size, 20-year open-face, 15-jeweled works	$12.50

Nickel Silver Cases

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works	$5.30
No. 117—16 size, 7-jeweled works	$6.75
No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works	$6.60
No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works	$8.75

Ladies' 6 Size

No. 120—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$12.50
No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$13.50
No. 122—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$11.00
No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$12.25

Ladies' O Size

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$14.00
No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$17.50
No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$13.00
No. 127—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$16.50

Ladies' 3-O Size

No. 128—"The 400" 25-year hunting case, 17-jeweled, Dueber-Hampden works $18.50

No. 129—"The Diadem," 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled, Dueber-Hampden works $15.00

No. 130—"Molly Stark," 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled, Dueber-Hampden works $13.75

Always remember that everything we offer you is just exactly as represented, or we will refund your money.

Remit by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter, or New York draft.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SHIRT SETS

This set consists of four fine quality gold filled buttons with inlaid pearl backs. The set has one back and one front collar button and two sleeve buttons. It makes a handsome set of buttons, and being of fine quality, will last for years. Our price per set to Blade readers 45c

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Elegant Gold Filled Chains

We are prepared to furnish our readers any kind of a watch chain either for ladies or gentlemen. Send for our illustrated price list.

Address all orders—

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Gold-Filled Collar Buttons

We offer our readers a very fine quality gold filled, solid, one piece collar button at 15c each, 2 for 25c, 6 for 70c, 12 for $1.35.

Do not wear cheap plated or bone buttons when you can get a good, reliable article such as we offer you at so low a price.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Cut Paper Patterns

PARIS PATTERNS.

The cut paper patterns now offered to our readers are furnished by the Paris Modes Co., of New York, and are the best, latest and most perfect patterns offered by any newspaper using cut paper patterns.

These patterns provide for the allowance of all seams; are easy, simple and practical to use, and perfect in fit. If the correct size is selected, a garment may be cut and made to fit perfectly without any alteration.

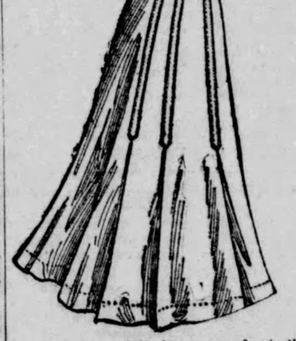
These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

Misses' Nine-Gored Skirt, With an Under Box-Plait at Center Back Seam and Side-Plaits at Lower Part of the Other Seams—Paris Pattern No. 1574. All Seams Allowed.

A handsomely fashioned nine-gored skirt is here shown made of cloth. An



inverted box plait is arranged at the center of the back, and at each seam below the knee is formed a deep side-plait, that adds flare and width to the lower part of the skirt. Above the plaits the skirt shows the beautiful lines of well-shaped gores, and fits the figure with easy smoothness. A strap of the material is stitched over each seam, the straps being terminated in points at the top of the plaits.

The pattern is in 3 sizes—12 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years, the skirt needs 6⅝ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 3½ inches wide, or 3½ yards 42 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Infants' Slips—One Gathered at Neck With Bishop Sleeves, and the Other Without Fulness at the Neck and With Plain Sleeves—Paris Pattern No. 1554—All Seams Allowed.

Two styles of slip—One plain at the neck and the other gathered—may be de-

veloped by this pattern, which is a simple pretty model and very easy to make. These little slips are always very simply finished, a little frill of lace or embroidery at the neck being the only decoration. Linen, cambric, lawn, nainsook and similar fabrics are the proper materials for them.

The pattern is in one size. Either slip needs 2⅝ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide; 1⅛ yard of edging to trim gathered slip.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Boys' Russian Suit—The Blouse with Sailor Collar and a Removable Shield, and the Knickerbockers Without a Fly—Paris Pattern No. 1570—All Seams Allowed.

A smart suit for the little man consists of a Russian blouse and knickerbockers. It is here illustrated made of cheviot, with a row of wide fancy braid following the edges of the large shawl collar, which extends all the way down

the overlapping front. These suits are exceedingly comfortable and jaunty and are made up in all sorts of cloths and suitings.

The pattern is in 4 sizes—2 to 8 years. For a boy of 6 years, the suit requires 2⅝ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 3¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 54 inches wide. As illustrated, ½ yard of contrasting material 27 inches wide is needed for shield and neckband and 2½ yards of fancy braid to trim.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Tucked Dressing Sack, With Sailor Collar—Paris Pattern No. 1553—All Seams Allowed.

A notably pretty dressing sack that will develop attractively in cashmere, caallis, flannels of all varieties and colorings, thick and thin silks, and various novelty goods is here portrayed. The back is in one piece with two inch-wide tucks at each side of the center stitched

to within a short distance of the waistline and pressed in plaits below. The front, also, is prettily tucked and a large oddly shaped collar is an attractive feature.

The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the sack requires 5¾ yards of good 20 inches wide, or 2⅞ yards 36 inches wide, or 2⅜ yards 42 inches wide; 3¼ yards of ribbon to trim and 3 cord frogs.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Misses' Eton Jacket, Gored to Shoulders and With Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves—Paris Pattern No. 1576—All Seams Allowed.

The Eton jacket, with a little more length to it than during the summer months, is one of the smartest of the season's modes in short top garments. Its latest model follows the lines of the fig-

ure with easy grace, long seams to the shoulders at the front and back being used in its perfect fitting. The seams end under side-plaits which are pressed flat in the little skirt extension which is this little jacket's special feature.

The pattern is in 3 sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years, the jacket will need 4¼ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 42 inches wide, or 1½ yard 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Fancy Shirtwaist—Paris Pattern No. 1565—All Seams Allowed.

A novel feature of this stunning shirt-

waist is the dicky or long chemisette front, with a single box-plait at the center, that extends under the fronts to the belt and shows in the U neck and also between and below the pointed straps of the fronts. These straps are cut on the fronts below the bust and the points just touch at the center of the box-plait. A button decorates each point. Two short tucks on each shoulder, in both back and front, give modish breadth and contribute pretty fulness that is taken up in gathers at the belt.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—32 to 42 inches bust measure. For 36 bust, the waist requires 4¾ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 42 inches wide; ⅛ yard of silk 20 inches wide for piping.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered. Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

CUBAN TRADE IS LARGE

United States Gets 86 Per Cent of Exports.

Washington, Oct. 5.—The bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor today issued a bulletin on the foreign commerce of Cuba, showing that it aggregates over $300,000,000 per annum, the actual figures being given as follows: Imports, $95,000,000 and exports $110,000,000. Of the imports 45 per cent were in 1905 drawn from the United States, and of the exports 86 per cent were sent to the United States. It is stated that there has been a steady gain in the share of the imports from this country, while the shares of exports sent to the United States in 1905 was 86 per cent.

Of the exports sugar alone amounted to $63,000,000; tobacco, crude and manufactured, $27,000,000, and fruits about $3,000,000. Of the imports cotton manufactures were, in round terms, $9,000,000; breadstuffs, including rice, $9,000,000; cattle, horses and mules, $7,000,000; meats $7,000,000; machinery, $6,000,000; manufactures of iron and steel not classed as machinery, about $4,000,000; leather and manufactures thereof, $3,500,000; wines, malt liquors and spirits and other beverages, about $3,000,000; manufactures of fibres, nearly $3,000,000; vegetables, nearly $2,500,000; wood and manufactures thereof, $2,500,000; oils and fats for industrial purposes, $1,500,000; dairy products, a little less than $1,500,000; fish, $1,250,000; paper and manufactures thereof, $1,000,000, wool and manufactures thereof, $1,000,000, and glass and glassware, a little less than $1,000,000.

Of the exports, nearly all of the sugar and a large proportion of the fruits are seat to the United States, and the exports of tobacco are divided between the United States and Europe, and as a result 86 per cent of the total exports go to the United States.

SPANISH WAR VETERANS

Washington Entertains Hosts of the Ex-Soldiers.

Washington, Oct. 8.—Spanish-American war veterans from practically every state in the union are in attendance upon the third annual encampment of the organization which began its sessions here today. Since Saturday noon organizations of the veterans have been arriving here on every incoming train, and by the time the first session of the encampment was called to order by Commander-in-Chief Charles R. Miller, of Ohio, all of the eastern, middle, western and southern states were represented by big delegations. Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Oklahoma sent notably large delegations. Oklahoma will endeavor to have the next annual encampment held in the new state. The sessions of the encampment are being held in the national guard armory, the first being a joint session of the United Spanish War Veterans and the national auxiliary to the organization, held shortly after 10 o'clock today. After Commander-in-Chief Miller had called the session to order Father A. H. I. Reaney, national chaplain, pronounced the invocation. Henry B. F. McFarland, president of the board of district commissioners, welcomed the delegates and their comrades to Washington. Comamnder-in-Chief Miller responded to the welcoming address.

At the conclusion of his response to the welcoming address Commander-in-Chief Miller submitted to the delegates his report for the year. He reviewed his personal work as commander-in-chief and said he was assured there was a great awakening of interest in the organization, especially in the south, where many camps now are being formed. A tentative agreement has been entered into between Commander-in-Chief Miller and Commander Walker of the Legion of Spanish War Veterans of Massachusetts, providing for a consolidation of the two organizations. It probably will be ratified at this encampment. The Massachusetts organization has about 4,500 members. Commnder Miller recommended that, in the south, where there are many negroes eligible to membership in the organization, separate camps and separate departments be organized for white and for black members. The financial condition of the organization, Commander Miller said, was good, all bills being paid and a balance of $2,400 in bank. While it was not possible for the commander to report the precise membership of the United Spanish War Veterans, he said it approximated 45,000.

STRUGGLE ON IN FINLAND

Conservatives and Radicals Fight Over Viborg Edict.

Helsingfors, Finland, Oct. 8.—The expected struggle between the conservative and radical factions of the Constitutional Democratic congress in session here, has now begun over the committee's report on the Viborg manifesto, the opponents of the report declaring that any side-tracking of the manifesto would stultify the party in the eyes of the voters. Those who are opposed to the committte's report will propose as a means of avoiding a rupture within the party an amendment to the draft striking out the paragraph in the Viborg manifesto advocating the application of the principle of passive resistance, particularly in regard to urging recruits not to join the colors, and proposing the nonpayment of taxes, which suggestions are declared to be impracticable, while retaining the paragraphs endorsing the action of the members of the outlawed parliament who signed the Viborg manifesto. The conservatives, headed by Peter Struve, editor of the Duma; Leov Petrajitski, Constitutional Democratic leader in the late parliament, and M. Duque, have abandoned their fight for complete disavowal of the manifesto, and have joined in the defense of the committee's rport, which, it is expected, will be accepted. Prof. Paul Miukoff's proposition that parliament shall not recoguize any future loan concluded without its sanction, will also probably be carried. The present congress is the smallest of the four held by the Constitutional Democratic party, due to the belief of many of the delegates that the government would not permit the meeting.

FATHER OF 13 BELLES

Rise of the House of Ah Fong in Honolulu.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 8.—The news flashed around the world that a Chinaman named Wing Ah Fong had died at his home at Macao, on the south coast of China, last week, was of news interest in America partly because of the Chinaman's importance as a trader—his wealth was said to be "somewhere around $10,000,000 or $20,000,000"—but particularly because this tall merchant, who always wore the flowing silken robes and the long queue of his race, numbered among his sons-in-law a rear admiral of our navy, other officers of the United States army and navy, professional men and prominent merchants.

There may have been a lifting of eyebrows among those stay-at-homes to whom a boat trip to Bridgeport is an episode when they read of marriages of Americans of prominence to Orientals. Among those westbound globetrotters, however, who while on their way to Singapore or some other place back of Beyond have broken the trip at Honolulu, "the crossroads of the Pacific," with the coveted card to the Ah Fong home in their possession, the announcement that another of the Ah Fong girls was to marry an American has always been received quite differently. The travelers' hats were off to the lucky husband.

The thirteen Afong girls—they have Anglicized the name—are known for their beauty and accomplishments from Manila to London and back again in the other direction. The Afong cocktail, the recipe of which was confided by the Chinese father only to his daughters, and which was mixed and served by one or another of the thirteen on the lanai of the Afong home at Honolulu to thirsty globe-trotters, remains revered in the memory of the army and navy officers who have had the good fortune to drink it.

Travelers sigh sentimentally when they recall the Afong luau, or Hawaiian dinner, which was a wonderful affair. But especially they remember the thirteen beautiful daughters and the hospitality proffered the traveler up at the house of the thirteen balconies—one balcony for each suitor, said the envious Hawaiian mothers—and the wide lanai or porch among the foothills of the Punchbowl a mile back from the water front.

It was away back in the '50s that a young Chinaman named Wing Ah Fong landed at Honolulu with a boatload of his countrymen from China. He was alert and had a keen sense for making two sugar canes grow where one had grown before. Also he was different from the coolie class in that he was very tall and far above the coolie in intelligence.

Before he became a sugar king Ah Fong opened a shop in Honolulu, where he sold Chinese bric-a-brac and silks. The shop prospered and so when Wing Ah Fong began to woo a Honolulu girl named Concepcion, the daughter of a Portuguese sailor, he was a local man of affairs and said to be worth $300,000. The girl, who had Spanish blood in her veins, as well as Portuguese and a strain of English, was married to Ah Fong in 1860. Mrs. Ah Fong lent additional energy and executive ability to the business affairs of her husband.

Ah Fong foresaw the development of the sugar cane industry of Hawaii. One day he heard that land on the island of Maui could be bought cheaply and he gave over a small part of his savings in return for thousands of acres. Then along came Claus Spreckels, who developed the water resources of Maui, and Spreckels was practically forced to buy the Ah Fong acres at the owner's price. There followed other deals that helped the Chinaman to win his millions.

Some of the thirteen pretty daughters and the two sons, Tony and Albert Fayerweather Afong, had arrived on the scene by this time. The father took some time from the counting room to build the home on the slope of the Punchbowl that is still a show place of Honolulu, with its winding lava roads, its fountains and palms and flowers.

When the time came for Ah Fong to go back to China to join the Chinese wife he had left there when he sailed for Hawaii long ago—to return to die in the home of his ancestors where his Chinese wife would erect a tablet in his house and set out the baked brown pig and recount the virtues of the dead forever—when that time of departure arrived fourteen years ago Tony, the eldest son, was taken with him, both in the flowing robes of the fatherland.

When the then Captain Whiting, now rear admiral, was entertained at Honolulu the Afongs made an impression. When the visit was over the captain and Miss Etta Afong were engaged and the subsequent marriage festivities in 1894 will go down in the annals of Hawaiian society.

Miss Jessie Afong became the wife of Howard G. Morton and lives in Seattle. Lieut. Andrew J. Dougherty, U. S. A., married Miss Martha Afong. Lieut. Dougherty met Miss Afong at a dance one evening at 9 o'clock, and an hour later they were engaged. J. Alfred Morgan, a prominent trader of Honolulu, married another sister. James W. W. Brewster, of Elizabeth, N. J., married Miss Melaine Afong. Mr. Brewster was attached to the cruiser Harvard during the Spanish war. Miss Helen married William A. Henshall, a San Francisco lawyer. Mrs. Arthur Johnstone, of Honolulu, is looked upon as the most beautiful of the famous thirteen sisters. Mrs. Johnstone's hair is comparatively light, and she has blue eyes that are in striking contrast to her olive complexion.

In May of this year the son Albert, a graduate of Harvard, was married in Davenport, Ia., to Miss Anna Whiting, a niece of the rear admiral, who had married Albert Afong's sister. Mrs. Afong gave each of her daughters a dowry of $150,000.

Around the world there are Occidentals, too, gathered in forts and wardrooms, who will tell the praises of the dignified Oriental whose home on the Punchbowl was his visitors' home. They will tell of his gracious reception to his guests and of his withdrawal later indoors to leave the visitors to be entertained by his wife and the thirteen daughters amid the palms and the fountains and on the thirteen little balconies.

HE WANTS SECOND PLACE

Iowa Man Recognizes That Roosevelt Must Run Again.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 6.—Secretary Shaw is the first of the presidential aspirants to recognize the fact that President Roosevelt will be the candidate of the Republican party in 1908. He has done this by quietly letting his friends know that the second place on the ticket with Mr. Roosevelt will be acceptable to him. Of course, Secretary Shaw has not made this announcement with a brass band accompaniment, but those who are in touch with the situation state emphatically that he is quietly shuffling out of the list of presidential aspirants and getting ready to slide into the unclaimed post of the nominee for vice president. Secretary Shaw is credited with a conviction that there is nothing better in sight and that the second place, on the whole, is the best stepping stone on the road to the first. The more that the President discourages the movement to renominate him for the second term the stronger it becomes. It is evident that there is no use trying to head off the Roosevelt movement.

BEGGED FOR U. S. TROOPS

Cuban President Tried to Quit a Month Ago.

Washington, Oct. 5.—The correspondence preceding, and which brought about American intervention in Cuba, was given out yesterday afternoon by Secretary Root. It shows that for three weeks prior to intervention, President Palma begged President Roosevelt to send American armed forces to take possession of the island. The President resisted these appeals and implored Palma to remain at the helm.

The Cuban president forced the American president to take possession to save the island from anarchy because Palma, whether Roosevelt would or would not take possession, decided that he would resign and get away from the responsibility placed upon him by his own people.

Instead of Roosevelt being an aggressor and anxious to use the army and the navy for an exploit that savored of war, the correspondence shows him to have been conservative and opposed to taking the step that Palma's timidity, if not cowardice, compelled him to take.

The correspondence was carried on with Frank Steinhardt, the American consul general at Havana, as the intermediary. It began on the 8th, when the consul general sent a cablegram marked "Absolutely confidential" to Assistant Secretary Bacon, repeating the astounding request made by President Palma for the dispatch of two vessels to Havana and Cienfuegos to take possession of those places, because Palma feared that they would fall into the hands of the insurgents. Two days later Steinhardt sent another message, saying that Palma was worried because no answer had come to his first message. To that President Roosevelt, through the state department, answered that Palma evidently did not appreciate the reluctance with which the United States would intervene.

Four days after the correspondence began Senor Montaiva, the secretary of the Cuban government in his own handwriting, sent a request that Roosevelt send 2,000 or 3,000 men secretly to Havana.

It was on September 13 that Palma formally asked for intervention and announced his irrevocable intention of resigning.

LAWS TO BE IMPROVED

Courts to Be Divorced From Political Power.

Washington, Oct. 5.—The determining factor in the selection of Gov. Chas. E. Magoon as the provisional governor of Cuba was the fact of his familiarity with all the laws of Cuba and the steps that were taken during the last American occupation to organize a stable government. It has already been determined that there must be an election and the machinery for a fair election must be constructed by the provisional governor. Another feature of the work that will devolve upon Gov. Magoon will be in securing an improvement in the laws of Cuba with regard to the independence of the judiciary. The subservlency of the judicial to the political power is one of the causes of the present trouble. The persons aggrieved over the methods of the government had no redress through the judiciary because the judiciary was not granted sufficient independence of the political authorities. It is the intention of this government, according to officials here, to have such an improvement of the present laws in the next Cuban government as will materially decrease the reasons for revolution and another intervention by the United States.

BONAPARTE ON THE NAVY

Battleships as Necessary as Universities, He Says.

Atlantic City, Oct. 7.—Secretary Bonaparte, speaking here Saturday night on "Some Common Errors Regarding the Navy," referred to "studied misrepresentation and systematic calumny against the United States navy." The secretary said that although the navy was larger than that of any second-class power of Europe, it was not an "immense" or "overgrown" navy, as has been said by some of its critics.

He presented statistics showing that six men out of every ten thousand of population in the United States are legally bound to naval service in the event of war, while in England the proportion is a little more than forty-two to ten thousand and in France forty-seven to ten thousand.

He referred to a statement made by a hostile newspaper which had referred to the vast treasure being expended upon a great navy. "The good that this treasure might do, if devoted to the use of peace," said the paper, "is incalculable."

"Not infrequently," said the secretary, "the same sentiment takes shape in talk to the effect that the cost of a battleship would endow a university. A big nation without battleships is still less of a great nation. Universities have their work to do and battleships have their work to do, and, in both cases, this work is vital to great nations, but universities can no more do the work of battleships than battleships can do the work of universities."

FORMER SENATOR IS DEAD

Jewett, of Missouri, Dies at Age of Ninety-nine.

St. Louis, Oct. 8.—Daniel Tarbox Jewett, former United States senator from Missouri, died yesterday, aged 99 years. Half a century ago he was a prominent attorney in St. Louis, and on several occasions opposed Abraham Lincoln in court. He was born in Princeton, Me.

LOOSE TEETH

Made Sound by Eating Grape-Nuts.

Proper food nourishes every part of the body, because Nature selects the different materials from the food we eat, to build bone, nerve, brain, muscle, teeth, etc.

All we need is to eat the right kind of food slowly, chewing it well—our digestive organs take it up into the blood and the blood carries it all through the body, to every little nook and corner.

If someone would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?" you'd probably say, "No, I don't see how it could be." But a woman in Ontario writes:

"For the past two years I have used Grape-Nuts Food with most excellent results. It seems to take the place of medicine in many ways, builds up the nerves and restores the health generally.

"A little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep." (Because it relieves irritability of the stomach nerves, being a predigested food.)

"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would some day all fall out. Since I have used Grape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth.

"All desire for pastry has disappeared and I have gained in health, weight and happiness since I began to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Get the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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SOLE OWNERS U. S. REG. DIST'Y No. 32, 6TH DIST., KY. Orders from Mont., Wyo., Colo., N. Mex. and West thereof must call for either 20 full quart bottles, 6 gallons in demijohns, or a cask, for $15 by prepaid freight. Write for express terms.

"Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

CUBA MUST PAY PRICE

Intervention Will Cost Island Millions.

Washington, Oct. 8.—American intervention probably will prove an expensive luxury to the Cubans. It has been practically settled that Cuba will be called on to reimburse the United States for the extraordinary expenditures to which this country will be put as a result of being forced to take charge temporarily of the affairs of the island republic.

Estimates that have been made by departmental officers place the total extra expense at approximately one million dollars a month. The item of transport service alone is figured at fifteen thousand a day, or almost half a million dollars a month.

Judge Magoon, as provisional governor of the island, will draw a salary of $25,000 a year, the same amount which was paid President Palma.

Cuba will not be asked to pay any of the army and navy expenses that would have been incurred without intervention.

Senator Albert J. Hopkins, of Illinois, who is a member of the senate committee on Cuban relations, in an interview indorsed every move that has been made by the administration in relation to intervention.

"I think the affair has been handled admirably," said Senator Hopkins, "and I think the real importance of the course that has been pursued by the administration lies in the effect it will have on the South American republics which Secretary Root has just visited. Had our intervention in Cuban affairs taken the form of a first move toward annexation, the while effect of Secretary Root's trip to South America would have been destroyed.

"As it is, all that we are doing in Cuba bears out everything that Mr. Root told the people of the countries he visited regarding the attitude of the United States toward her sister republics.

"I regard it as inevitable that annexation will come ultimately. When it comes it will be because the people of Cuba have taken the initiative. I think the more intelligent class of the Cubans realize and believe that their best interests lie in annexation to this country, and when that sentiment has grown sufficiently strong Cuba will come to us."

CEMENT PLANTS COMBINE

But Experts Do Not Believe a Monopoly Possible.

Washington, Oct. 8.—A bulletin issued by the Geological survey on the "Concentration of Cement Interests," declares that "Setting aside as impracticable the question of trusts and combinations based on monopoly of raw materials, it can be said that there is noticeable a certain concentration of interests in the cement industry and that this probably will become more marked year by year. The 82 plants in existence in 1905 are owned by 78 companies, and several of these nominally independent companies are closely connected by ownership."

The bulletin continues:

The nature of the cement industry renders it improbable that any combination or non-competitive arrangement can be carried to such a point as to result in a monopoly of the industry and permanently high prices. Good raw materials are so widely distributed in the United States that there is hardly a county which could not produce Portland cement if prices were forced high enough. The only limitation now on the erection of cement plants is the fact that the great cost makes the ventures prohibitive for the individual or for the small firm.

Of the 78 companies, 15 produce over two-thirds of the entire American Portland cement output. Seven of these showed an annual output of over one million barrels each and these seven together produced somewhat over half of the entire output of the country. The five largest companies together produce about the same percentage of the American cement output that the United States Steel corporation does of the American output of pig iron. The cement industry is at present, therefore, in a more concentrated condition than was the iron and steel industry at the date of formation of the steel corporation, but further concentration, to such a point as to bring about unfairly high prices; does not seem practicable.

In concluding, the bulletin gives the following figures relative to capitalization:

Figures obtained unofficially from various sources would indicate that the total authorized capitalization of all the American Portland cement companies now in operation will fall between the limits of $110,000 and $125,000. This estimate takes no account of outstanding bond issues, but on the other hand gives no credit for stock authorized but not issued, so that on the whole it can be accepted as representing very fairly the total capitalization of the American Portland cement industry. This capitalization cannot be considered excessive in view of the fact that it would cost probably $75,000,000 to $85,000,000 to replace the properties and plants now in existence.

CONTRACTED TRACHOMA

Girl Must Be Deported in Spite of Protests of Brothers.

New York, Oct. 6.—A case of unusual hardship worked by the rigid provisions of the immigration laws, came up before Judge LaCombe in the United States circuit court yesterday on the writ of habeas corpus sued out against the Ellis Island authorities to restrain the deportation of Hamel Weshner, an unusually pretty girl of high caste in Lithuania.

The girl's three brothers preceded her to America by some years and now live in Pittsburg, where they are prosperous. Recently they sent for the girl, who had remained in the old home to finish her education. On the trip over there were a number of Russian refugees on the ship. Their plight appealed to the girl, and she spent all her spare time consoling them and doing what she could. From these refugees, however, she contracted trachoma, and the immigration authorities here upon her arrival ordered her deportation. Her brothers, who were on hand, pleaded with the authorities and offered to pay all expenses if the girl was sequestrated here under government supervision until she recovered. This was impossible, as the law made no provision for such a course. Then the courts were appealed to, but Judge LaCombe decided yesterday that he could not interfere, so the girl will have to go back to Europe and remain there until she is cured.

WANTED—Local men in every town in the United States to distribute advertising matter; no canvassing; permanent $3 daily. Harry Contris, Chicago.

YOU CAN RID YOUR FARM OF STUMPS without stump machine, dynamite or explosives, by my method, at odd spells between harvest and winter. One man, in a few years, can easily free his farm of stumps; no real hard labor or expense necessary. Send me one dollar and I will tell you how. JOE STEINEFEST, R. F. D. 25, Athens, Pa.

Agents Everywhere to sell MINIATURE PHOTO JEWELRY, photo buttons, photo pillow tops; sells on sight. Big profits. Write for territory and catalog. Harsen Bros. 326 Dearborn St., Chicago.

MIDDLE AGE fine looking Business Man would like to meet lady with view to matrimony, his income is $5,000 per year, enough for both. No objection to poor Maiden or Widow. Address Mr. H., Room 862 Ceylon Bldg., Chicago.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, worth $10,000 cash, will also inherit Ten Thousand more, wishes to meet young or middle aged man with view to matrimony. (Poverty no objection.) Address Miss Hart, Dept. 816, 54 Wabash, Chicago.

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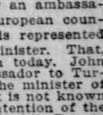


All matters of business, love, marriage, and health treated by greatest Astrologer living. 2c stamp and date of birth brings best Horoscope. Wonderful prophecy. Pleased patrons. PROF. NAHOMI, Dept. 90, Bridgeport, Conn.

ARMY TRIALS ARE MANY

A Decrease, However, Over Last Year Is Reported.

Washington, Oct. 8.—During the last fiscal year, according to the annual report of General George B. Davis, judge advocate general of the army, just issued, 4,536 trials by general court-martial were held. Fifty of these trials were of commissioned officers, forty-two of whom were convicted and eight acquitted. Fourteen officers were dismissed by sentence. In four cases the sentences were commuted to loss of rank; in two cases resignations "for the good of the service" were accepted in lieu of confirming the sentences and in one case the sentence was disapproved.

About fifty per cent of the enlisted men convicted by general court-martial received sentences involving dishonorable discharge and about five per cent of these sentences were awarded in view of previous convictions.

The trials by general court-martial during the year showed a decrease of 204 as compared with previous year. Many of the men tried were charged with unlawfully selling clothing or accoutrements issued by the government to the soldiers. The practice of selling clothing issued to enlisted men, the report says, continues to exist, in spite of all efforts looking to its suppression. The clothing so disposed of represents a considerable sum to the United States and the offenders, both those who sell the clothing and those who buy it, have been prosecuted vigorously. General Davis recommends that where soldiers are convicted of selling clothing issued to them by the government they be dealt with as severely as are those who are convicted of buying it.

SITUATION IS A NEW ONE

Slow

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.
A face full of cheer,
A heart without fear,
A smile for each one you meet.
Make the very best tonic
For ills that are chronic—
Good cheer can make every day sweet.

THURSDAY.
Be like the constant sun and shine;
Be like unfermented wine;
Be like rosy morning's glow;
Be like light on drifts of snow;
For all this means your share of cheer
Will scatter joy throughout the year.

FRIDAY.
No judgment word should ever be spoken
That might harm or hurt another

SATURDAY.
Stop thy evil thinking,
Speak of the Fair and Perfect,
Of the Beautiful and True—
Always is God's image while—
Glories heaven at hand, yea, even now
Within thee.

Fret not against thy loneliness, but lose
Thyself in that great love in which a perfect
Trust unites thee with the One unseen.

MONDAY.
O Mother heart look up be glad, and sing!
Know only truth and thy bonds shall melt
As dew before the sun—the truth that life
Is deathless, and that love forever lives
And loves its own.

TUESDAY.
Speak gently both to friend and foe;
'Tis better thus through life to go.
HELEN VAN ANDERSON.

What It All Means of Progress.

Why a Habit of Expletives?

EMILY S. BOUTON

The gathering of the officers and delegates of the Ohio Woman's Suffrage association in convention in Toledo this week has brought most vividly to mind the many changes in the status of women since the agitation for equal rights began a little more than a half century ago. To those who have followed its history, it is plainly evident that it was the leaven of the thought and work of those brave souls whose names have become household words all over this broad land by which the changes were wrought.

It does not matter if the special object of their strivings has not yet been fully accomplished, for it is true that through their hard campaigns of enlightenment, women have learned that their responsibility does not end in the home, and that to live well rounded lives they must have equal opportunities with men for education, for right conditions for wage earning, for entrance into professional and business fields, without prejudice because of sex.

Gradually, but surely, much of this has come to pass. College girl graduates are no longer anamolies, nor are professional and business women looked at as some strange variations from the natural order of things. And still wifehood and motherhood are held to be the most sacred and dearest of all conditions for women.

In Toledo, as elsewhere, a little knot of courageous women has borne the burden and heat of educating public sentiment in this direction. Today—strong contrast to the past—they are honored for work well done. Today when college graduates among young women in Toledo are many; when women can vote upon educational matters; when a woman is serving acceptably upon the board of education; and when women are successfully working in business and the professions, those whose eyes have been open to what is passing feel their debt of gratitude to these earnest laborers.

The changes that have come to Toledo have come in other places. A recent number of The Technical World Magazine is devoted to this subject. It tells its readers of the women in technical work beginning with the mention of Mrs. Stanton's granddaughter, Nora Stanton Blatch, to membership in the American Society of Engineers. This, remarks the writer, William Hard, while in one sense is a triumph for the sex, after all "is merely the outward and formal recognition of the quiet, unobserved advance which women have been making for many years in the technical departments of the world's work."

I have long been interested in the technical work done by Ellen H. Richards, not only becauuse of that which has made her a member of the American Institute of Engineers, but also that she has been constantly studying to apply science to the everyday practical affairs of home. She is an instructor in sanitary chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but has found time to put the result of her experiments and knowledge in books of practical value to homemaking.

It has been often said that women never, or rarely, invent anything, but this writer proves to the contrary by the following statement: "The United States patent office makes the calculation that while in 1820 there was only one woman in 350,000 who ever exercised her inventive powers, there is now one such woman in every 32,500." And then he proceeds to give individual instances of successful woman inventors.

Naturally there are those who fear the effect of these changes in the status of women, upon the home. There is no need. These are not the things that are most dangerous by threatening what should be dear to the heart of every man and woman in city and country. Nor does the change of condition all come from the agitation for equal opportunities. More and more do the wives of workingmen find it necessary to place their shoulders to the wheel to help keep a roof over their young families. Better education and the multiplying of "open doors" for women are only means for making life more comfortable and better worth living. Meanwhile it is for the whole people to find remedies for the social, political and business evils of the day that are the real menace.

I believe that the advancement which women are making will work for the final progress of humanity. Evils may seem to be a consequent of this transition state, as they do in all revolutions, but the last condition will be better than the first. The great thing for women, first, last, and always is to hold fast to the highest principles of truth and honesty both in and out of the home; to fill their lives with love and charity in thought and action, and to be true everywhere and always to ideal womanhood.

It has often been a matter of wonderment to me as to what quality there is in the human make-up that renders certain expletives pronounced with vigor such a comfort when things have gone wholly wrong. They seem to serve in some unexplained way as a sort of safety valve for exasperated feelings. The words themselves often have little meaning. Quite frequently, I might say usually, they are what is called profane, but sometimes there is quite as much wrong thought put into a word otherwise perfectly harmless, as in those that are more shocking to the hearer.

Women rarely allow themselves to actually "swear" in spoken language, however strong is their inner feeling. I know one who said she could put as much real anger, malice or hatred into her single ejaculation of "Fudge!" as any man could in the severest profanity, and I believe her. It is the spirit which enters into what we say that matters but I am not sure if one can work off exasperation or the irritation that comes from continued pinpricks by the use of an expletive, that it is not sometimes a good thing. Especially is this true if it is simply a self-exploson and the hurtling thought is aimed at no one in particular.

Upon the other hand, the man or woman who can meet the vexations which come to everybody unmoved and without need of expression, has gone a long way on the road to that self-control or mental kingship that makes the most successful life. The loss of mastery over the self diminishes the power over circumstances, and takes from the strength of personal influence.

Of course, there is a great deal in habit in using expletives. Upon occasion they fly tumultuously to the lips where they have long been indulged in, and apparently relieve the pressure of feeling. I heard of a man who never swore aloud, but when reaching a state of exasperation, one who was watching would hear a soft whisper of the strongest kind of swearing. Then he would seem to feel better.

I imagine there are times which come to us all when it takes whatever strength of will we posses to "hold steady." Anger swoops down suddenly and demands expression. Too often the demand is yielded to, and then it takes the helm. In this case there is no expletive which in itself yields satisfaction, and the hurt to the individual self—to consider nothing else—is in proportion to the intensity of the passion. Anger causes a terrible waste of power. It was Amiel who wrote:

"Every man is a tamer of wild beasts, and these wild beasts are his passions. To draw their teeth and claws, to muzzle and tame them, to turn them into servants • • • in this consists personal education." And one of these beasts is anger.

The expletives I spoke of in the beginning, however, are more innocent and not so far reaching in effect as the angry ejaculations. They usually mean annoyance, perhaps perplexity, a momentary irritation, but nothing more serious. And how comforting they often seem to be.

It all goes to prove that there is nothing so queer as human nature. We do not understand our dearest friends. Least of all do we understand ourselves. We are moved to do the most unexpected things—things which we had not deemed possible could hold for us any temptation. This hard truth should fill us with charity for others who fail to live towards a high ideal.

The Cozy Corner

SHOULD BE KEPT IN ITS PROPER PLACE.

I have been a reader of The Blade for several years and have had many thoughts on the subjects brought up for discussion, but have thought it best to leave all the space for those who could write better than I. However, I agree so heartily with what has been written concerning automobiles that I wish to say that I think, with "Grey Eyes," while they are very nice in their proper place, that "the place" is only in charge of a man who is endowed with a sense of what is right that will enable him to stop when others are in danger, and not drive recklessly on regardless of man or beast.

Only a short time ago two strangers in a touring car passed through our town and met a countryman going to market. Doubtless these autoists thought he was only a countryman, and they would have some fun with him, so they came rapidly toward him regardless of the fearful plunging of the horse and in spite of the fact that the man called to them to stop until he could obtain control of the animal, they went past without slowing up, and the horse frightened beyond help, ran onto the trolley car track, upset the wagon, spilling the contents, breaking the wagon and injuring the driver. The men in the auto did not stop to see what damage was done, but went on so rapidly that they even forgot to pay their toll.

About "cooking a husband." It seems from what I have observed in others (I am not married myself) if the marriage is a proper one, there will be no need of much "cooking." If the man did not marry for the sake of getting a cheap housekeeper, nor the woman simply for a home, peace and contentment will reign in their dwelling.

Many times, when reading The Blade I have wondered if any of the other readers were descendants of the old Covenanter churchmen and women? If so, I wish they would let it be known through The Blade.—"Grace, from Penn."

FOR "MRS. C."

Once again I am seized with a desire to speak. Will someone introduce me to "Mrs. C."? I wish to tell her that I am glad that through the medium of The Blade it is possible for me to express the sympathy I feel for her. Her trouble has been continually before me since I read her plea for Divine assistance, and I pray that my thoughts may be Divinely directed as I attempt to say words for her comfort.

Our first thought, dear friend, should be of the multitudes of blessings that are daily and hourly showered upon us, and in all the assurances of the great love manifested toward us by our Maker. I will not attempt to quote these promises given us through the Holy Scriptures; search for them, and you will find sufficient for every need. Take your Bible and read it with a view to finding comfort, and you will not be disappointed.

If we place a task before a child, and the child is faint-hearted and thinks he cannot accomplish it, would we—if we had the good of the child at heart—excuse him from learning the lesson—from accomplishing the work? No, we should give the child the great joy of overcoming the difficulties. Always bear in mind that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and also remember that He has promised "to be with us even until the ends of the earth" if we will persevere in doing His will. May the dear Father help you and help us all to do His will so in good time we may all be gathered to Him in whom we trust.—"Salome."

SPEECH.

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough
Without your woe. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain,
Of moral discontent and grief and pain.
Talk faith; the world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt;
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts—till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.
Talk health; the dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale;
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

Oyster Toast.

Rub together till smooth, one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. Add this to a pint of hot milk, in a stewpan, and stir until smooth and creamy, then turn in as many oysters as you wish to serve. Have ready slices of toasted bread, and when the oysters begin to curl in the hot sauce, pour it over the toast and serve very hot. This makes a nice dish for breakfast, or for a late supper.

Olive Sauce, for Steak.

Remove the pits from a half dozen good-sized olives and chop them fine. Stew slowly for half an hour in the gravy and serve poured over the steak.

Indian Chutney.
(Requested.)

Two quarts of tart apples (after they are chopped fine), pare and core them and pass them through a food-chopper; one pound raisins, stoned; three cupfuls brown sugar; two cupfuls lemon juice; one teaspoonful cayenne pepper, two quarts green tomatoes, one onion, one cupful vinegar, one-half cupful salt, and one ounce ginger root. Chop all of the ingredients fine, mix well and let them stand over night in an earthen jar. In the morning set the jar in a boiler with water reaching nearly to the top of the jar, and let it boil slowly for eight hours. Put in jars and seal.

Egg Sauce.
No. 1.

In an earthen saucepan, melt three tablespoonfuls of butter and stir into this, until well blended, three tablespoonfuls of flour, then pour into this one and a half cupfuls of boiling water, stirring constantly to prevent it from lumping. Beat the yolks of two eggs, and while beating, stir in half a cupful of the hot sauce, then pour it into the remainder of the sauce, stirring it until smooth. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Some like the juice of half a lemon added.

No. 2.

Make a plain cream sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter, one of flour and a pint of boiling water. When this is cooked until perfectly smooth, stir in one hard boiled egg chopped very fine.

Scenes in Persian Marts of Trade

INTERIOR OF BAZAAR AT TABRIZ.
—From Persia Past and Present. Copyright, The Macmillan Co.

Tabriz, in Persia, the residence of the heir apparent to the Persian throne, is a city whose age and birthplace are not known, but it may count a thousand years as but a fraction of its life. The oldest portion of the city is known as the Kalah, or Fortress, although its walls have practically disappeared and the moat has been largely filled in and built upon. The central part of this old-time fortified section is occupied by the bazaars. These marts of trade are among the finest in Persia, if not in all the east, and are a source of endless interest to the traveler.

In construction they are of the characteristic Oriental type, consisting of acres of vaulted arches built of brick and masonry, roofed over and divided by long narrow passageways, with shops and alcoves on each side. At occasional intervals large portals lead out into square courts enclosed to serve as places for the caravans to unload and lodge. The light in the bazaar is generally dim except where holes pierce the domes at regular intervals and let in shafts of sunlight, which serve also to reveal the dirt below. The passageways of the bazaars always seem crowded; camels, donkeys and pack mules add to the confusion of the disordered mass of buyers and sellers, and the incessant cry "habardar! habardar!" "take care! take care!" ejaculated by the drivers, becomes exasperating, especially when you have to crowd against the wall to let some grandee pass. This local notable may be mounted on horseback and preceded by a lackey called a farash, who clears the way with a mace; but sometimes the noteworthy is seated in a carriage and preceded by outriders.

The bazaars open shortly after sunrise and do not close until sunset, at which time the shops are shut with wooden shutters and the gates of the bazaar barred and locked. The booths in which the goods are displayed measure scarcely more than ten or twelve feet square, and often much less. The customers do not enter the shop, but walk along the narrow passageways and bargain with the salesman, who squats lazily on the brick ledge in front of his store or sometimes rises slowly to bring from the rear of the booth an article which the prospective purchaser wishes to examine. If the price cannot finally be agreed upon after long bartering, the face of the merchant assumes a look of stolid indifference or Oriental disdain, and the customer passes along to the next shop.

Beyond a rough grouping of industries there is little order or arrangement in the distribution of the booths. Here may be a fruit stall with a rich supply of melons, which are kept on sale even in winter; there an Armenian silversmith doing fine filigree work by hand; on this side a cap maker busy with finishing a lambskin hat or a black Persian fez; yonder a baker flapping huge sheets of dough against the sides of an earthen oven. The oven itself is simply a hollow scooped in the giant flapjack, but impart to the bread a peculiar pitted appearance and often a gritty taste. We can well understand why this bread is called "pebble-bread."

In making purchases in the bazaars the monetary unit is the kran, or rather the two-kran bit, the latter being equivalent, roughly speaking, to twenty cents in American money.—From Persia Past and Present. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

Things Well to Know

The stout lady must not wear her belt buckled in the back; that is a prerogative of the woman who is tall and slender, and the same holds true of the pointed girdles so fashionable.

The embroidered lunch cloths are very beautiful in design this year, and add much to the appearance of the table. Any woman who has the least idea of embroidery can make these at home at about one-third the cost of those bought already made. The stamped cloths can be had, or the material stamped to order. If she does not know how to do any embroidery, a woman can have a lovely lunch cloth by buying the linen, hemstitching the hem and then following the stamped pattern with coronation braid, which has simply to be sewed on the lines of the pattern, with an over and over stitch. This work is very easy and as effective as embroidery. A bed set, pillow and sheet shams, with dresser cover of the same pattern, makes a beautiful set for a bed room.

To an observer it seems as if hens were great eaters, but an authority on poultry matters states that a full grown hen requires only the equivalent of four ounces of grain a day. The same authority advises regularity in feeding hens so they will be contented between meals, and assures us that if we "would have the greatest number of eggs, we should feed the hens some kind of green food every day."

A simple test for eggs is to drop them into a solution of two tablespoonfuls of salt to a pint of cold water. A perfectly fresh egg will sink at once to the bottom of the vessel and others will float higher according to their age.

Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of washing soda, in a large kettle of water. Place in this your silver and let it boil for ten or fifteen minutes, remove and rub with a chamois or a dry, lintless cloth, and the silver will be beautifully cleansed and polished with very little exertion on your part.

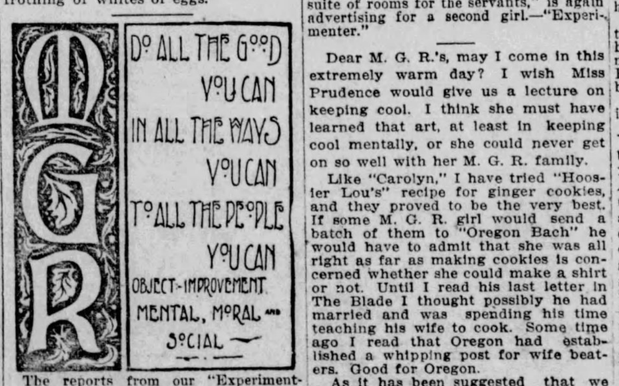
A cloth wet with kerosene and used to rub stained and tarnished silver and accomplish wonders. After rubbing the pieces, wash them in hot soap suds and dry with a soft cloth; finish by polishing with chamois and the silver will look like new.

A can of paint used on the window sills and other places where the paint is soonest worn or soiled, will make a great change in the appearance of a room.

A practical and pretty gift for a bride who is to do her own housework is what is called a "Housewife's Set," consisting of a large apron, a cap and a pair of sleeves. With this outfit on, one may do any kind of work and yet be ready to see company with just time enough to remove these extras.

While putting your house in order for the winter, do not spend all on the pretty furnishings for the parlor; save some, and with it buy brooms and brushes; pails and dusters, for each floor of your house. You have no idea—until you have tried it—how much easier it will make your work, or the work of the servant, if you have these small conveniences at hand and do not have to carry them up and down stairs every time they are needed.

Butter creams more easily before the sugar is added. A cake should never brown before it is fully raised. Have eggs cold before beating them and add a pinch of salt to hasten the frothing of whites of eggs.



The reports from our "Experimenters" are beginning to come in, and we shall enjoy reading both sides of the question of domestic service; why it is not so popular as stenography, clerking and other occupations for young women. This week the girl who wrote to us about the plan, last August, gives her experience:

As I promised, I come today to tell the result of my summer "doing a housemaid's work. You will remember that our class determined to learn by personal experience why girls refused to work in families where they had good wages and no expenses. Our parents at first refused to allow us to try this experiment, but finally consented on the condition that we were to do real service, and not expect favors on account of our families, and that we were to return to our homes as soon as the work seemed to be injuring our health.

Some of us went to portions of the city where we were entirely unknown, and others left town entirely. I answered an "ad" for a second girl, where there were but three in the family, two servants kept and no washing. The servants had their own suite of rooms—bedrooms, sitting room and bath—and altogether this semed so desirable a place that I feared I should not be in time to secure it. I was accepted with very few inquiries as to my ability—nothing respecting character seemed needed—and went immediately to the house. I was expected to always dress in white with a cap (which was very becoming to me) and an apron. The family of three consisted of a man, his wife, and her mother, who was very old, very cross and very rich. I was expected to take care of her, as well as to do the work of a second girl. Her room was up two flights from the basement, and oh, the many and weary times I had to mount those stairs every day.

I tried to be patient and to remember that she was old and sick, but she was very inconsiderate, and suspicious that everyone who did anything for her was expecting to be paid for it, and she refused—on principle—she said, to pay for any service no matter how hard it was.

It was true there was no washing or ironing, but on the other hand the servants were allowed to have but a very few pieces washed in the house, more than these we had to hire done outside, and the fact that I had to wear white and always look fresh and clean, made my laundry bills much larger than my wages.

We had our suite of rooms, but they were on the third floor from the street, making three flights of stairs to be climbed to reach them so we could never rest in our rooms if we had a few moments, for about as soon as we would get up there, the bell would ring for us downstairs. The cook had her "steady" who came twice a week to see her, and she had to enterain him in the kitchen or on the back doorsteps, for of course she could not take him up to the servants' sitting room.

Our lady entertained a great deal and the cook and I had all the preparations to make, and I must be in the dressing room until the guests had all arrived, and again when they were leaving, to assist them, waiting on the table between times. And those evenings my old lady up stairs seemed possessed to keep me answering the bell; she wanted to know who came and what they wore, and would ring for me as often as she thought a new guest had arrived.

I staid two weeks and then was so exhausted that I had to call a carriage to take me home. My lady thought I was going to the railroad station and thought it was very extravagant for me to ride.

The place with "three in the family, no washing or ironing and a separate suite of rooms for the servants," is again advertising for a second girl.—"Experimenter."

Dear M. G. R.'s, may I come in this extremely warm day? I wish Miss Prudence would give us a lecture on keeping cool. I think she must have learned that art, at least in keeping cool mentally, or she could never get on so well with her M. G. R. family.

Like "Carolyn," I have tried "Hoosier Lou's" recipe for ginger cookies, and they proved to be the very best. If some M. G. R. girl would send a batch of them to "Oregon Bach" he would have to admit that she was all right as far as making cookies is concerned whether she could make a shirt or not. Until I read his last letter in The Blade I thought possibly he had married and was spending his time teaching his wife to cook. Some time ago I read that Oregon had established a whipping post for wife beaters. Good for Oregon.

As it has been suggested that we mention our favorite authors, and why we like them, I will say that my favorite is Shakespeare, because he knew the human heart as few others did, and gives the reality in life instead of a polished view of it.

I recently heard a famous lecturer on the Merchant of Venice, and he held a different opinion of the play from any other I ever heard of. He said that instead of a comedy, where we were to be amused at the fun that was poked at the Jew, it was to be considered as a tragedy, where the greedy Jew reaped as he had sown. He considered the whole play as a satire on Christianity—the greatest satire in literature, and that the book was a defense instead of an attack on the Jew, and rather as an attack upon the Christian bigotry which considered a Jew its lawful prey. This lecturer said we should study Shakespeare as we would a great panting; we should study him as a whole picture and not merely from one point of view.

Did I hear some one say that the heat did not seem to prevent some people from much talking? Perhaps I had better take a hint, so good-bye.—Jolly Spinster.

Richest Woman in the World

BERTHA KRUPP.

Miss Bertha Krupp, as heiress to the Krupp steel works at Essen, Germany, is the wealthiest woman in the world, and the eldest daughter of the late Friedrich Alfred Krupp and Mrs. Krupp (Baroness von End).

Miss Krupp will be twenty-one in March. On her father's death in 1902 she became the sole heiress to the whole Krupp concern, which besides the steel works at Essen comprises a shipyard, the Germaniawerft, at Kiel, the Grusonwerk, at Magdeburg, a number of coal and iron ore mines, etc., employing somewhat more than 63,000 persons. In order to relieve Miss Bertha Krupp, or rather her mother, who acts as her guardian until she becomes of age, from taking any active part in the management of the works, the deceased Herr Krupp had provided in his will that the works should be converted into a joint stock company, the whole of the shares, however, remaining in the possession of his daughter Bertha. The administration of the Krupp establishment at present rests in the hands of a board of managing directors of twelve members, and a board of guardians of four members. Miss Bertha Krupp, who, together with her sister Barbara, her junior by some eighteen months, was brought up at the family residence, Hugel, situated in attractive grounds some three miles away from the works, on the banks of the small river Ruhr, received a most careful education, the curriculum of her studies far surpassing that of the usual young lady's school work and comprising among other things a great deal of mathematics and natural sciences. Besides the cultivation of mental accomplishments such as music, painting, etc., sport of every kind was not neglected, her father himself being a lover and promoter of the best kinds of sport. It was at his personal instigation that his daughters received a systematic course of instruction in natural sciences, as he and his wife took a direct and active interest in the education of their children.

Miss Krupp's engagement to Herr von Bohlen und Halbach, first secretary of the Prussian legation at the Vatican, has been recently announced. The young couple first met at Rome, where Miss Krupp with her two daughters spent nearly two months last winter in pursuit of art and archeological studies.

A FAMILIAR SPIRIT

Old Mistah Troublesome, he's allus loafin' 'round!
Der ain' no place on earth he isn't likely to be found.
He's busy in de winter when de clouds is in de sky;
He's busy in de summer when de sun is blazin' high.
He's sumpin' like yoh conscience, 'cause he whispers in yoh ear
A lot of observations dat you doesn't want to hear,
An' der ain' no use o' hintin' dat it mightn't all be true;
He keeps too busy whisperin' to be listenin' to you.
I shets my eyes an' sees him, when I tries to take my rest.
He's like de pictures of ol' Father Time, but better dressed.
He tips his shiny hat to me, and smooths his whiskers down,
An' den begins to tell about de hard luck travelin' 'roun'.
He kind o' keeps a record of de bother dat I's had
An' den he reckons what I's gwine to git is twice as bad.
I's jes' about concluded dat his pesterin' ways ain' right—
So, look out, Mistah Troublesome; we's gwine to hove a fight.
—Washington Star.

THE BASIL PLANT

It is a diversion, once in a while, even for those who are no longer children, to read a good, old-fashioned fairy tale. Most of them have a history centuries old and are the folklore of the countries whence they sprang. The following story is a Slavonic tale, included in a volume recently published, entitled The Russian Grandmother's Wonder Tales.

Once upon a time there was a woman to whom it was revealed in a dream that she must fast one day in every week, for if she neglected to do so she would give birth to something other than human. The woman obeyed the behest, but one day she forgot to fast, and not long after she gave birth to a wonderfully beautiful and fragrant bush, which in this world is called basil. The woman watched and tended the bush, and the fame of it spread through the whole world, even to a distant country, where the son of an emperor heard of it and at once set out to see it.

When he beheld the basil-plant he felt an extraordinary love for it, and he begged the mother either to present it to him or else to sell it at a high price. But she would not hear a word of it, but sent him away, saying, "It is not to be bought, even for one-half of your father's kingdom."

Now, the prince's servant, who overheard this, whispered to his master to say no more, and he would steal the plant for him. So said and so done. The servant managed somehow to steal the plant, and brought it to the prince. The prince, delighted to find his dearest wish gratified, richly rewarded the servant and locked the bush safely in a room.

Some days after the prince invited a great company to a feast, intending to take this opportunity to exhibit the basil-plant. The feast was ready, and the servants hastened to announce it to the company, but when they went back there lay all the meats and pastries scattered in the dirt of the kitchen floor! When they saw this they hastened to tell the prince, and as he saw no way of getting over the difficulty, nothing was left for him but to excuse himself to the guests for that day and invite them to return upon the morrow.

The next day, when all was ready and the servants went to announce it, some one came again and threw all the food about the kitchen and broke all the dishes. The servants wondered at this no less than the emperor's son himself, and the prince ordered that a feast should again be prepared upon the third day and that some one should keep watch through the keyhole to discover the mischief-maker.

When the meal was ready every one left the room and peeped through the keyhole to catch the culprit. Behold, what did they see? A golden-haired maiden!

The attendants flew back into the kitchen, held the little culprit fast, and called to the emperor's son. As soon as he beheld the maiden he was beside himself with surprise and joy, and he asked her how she had come into the kitchen. At first she was terrified, but at last she confessed to him secretly that she was the basil-plant which he watched and tended so carefully, and which shed such sweet perfume in his room; that she thought the feast was in honor of his wedding, and this had made her unhappy, for she had hoped that he would marry her and not another maiden.

When the Prince heard these words and saw that the maiden was beautiful beyond all comparison, he was most happy, and assured the maiden that he would marry her as soon as she had embraced the Christian faith. She declared herself ready to do this without delay.

In the meantime, however, the Prince's time of service in the army arrived, and he was so much needed that he could by no means be permitted to absent himself. He therefore called his beloved to him before his departure, and said to her:

"I must go to the army. With a bleeding heart I part from you; but I pray you change yourself again into a basil-plant and remain so until my return. Show yourself to no one, whoever it may be, who enters this room. And on my return, if God wills, I will ring this little bell, and then do you again take on your present form."

When he had once again kissed her she changed herself into a basil-plant, and he rode away. But two maidens who loved the Prince, and who of late had found themselves neglected and forgotten, soon learned the cause of their sorrow—namely, that the Prince had chosen another maiden. Therefore they agreed to force their way into the Prince's room and search for some token of her.

When they were there they found nothing except his clothes and the basil-plant, and in it they saw nothing remarkable. They rummaged all around the room, trying to find some clew to the whereabouts of the maiden, and one of them in her restlessness, took the little bell in her hand and rang it. The sorrowing golden-haired maiden, believing that it was the Prince who rang the bell, immediately changed herself back into human shape and suddenly appeared between the two.

At first they were all alike embarrassed, but the two trespassers soon perceived that they had found what they sought, and they seized the poor little creature, killed her, and carried her body into the mountains. In the evening the servant who had charge of bringing the maiden her supper found no basil-plant there, but in its place a horrible pool of blood. In a moment he saw the great danger of his position, and fearing the wrath of the emperor's son when he should return home, he fled away with all speed.

But to return to the maiden. An old woman who was going along among the mountains found the headless body and the head lying near, and feeling compassion for the young creature, she gathered certain herbs with which she called the maiden back to live. When the poor child again awoke to life and found herself in the depths of the mountains, she fell upon the old woman's neck and promised that she would never abandon her.

But the old woman answered, "My dear little daughter, go, in God's name, wherever you like! I, a poor, old worn-out woman, can hardly support myself, to say nothing of you. But you are young and strong, and, with God's help, will get on nicely."

But the maiden answered her, "Neither now nor ever, so long as God lives in heaven! You have called me back to life, and it is my debt and duty to love you till death. We shall surely make our way in the world. I will sell my golden hair, and will buy food for you; and when my hair is all sold I will gather herbs in the mountains and feed you."

At last the old woman consented, and a few days later the maiden cut off a lock of her golden hair and sent the old woman with it to market, bidding her not to sell it for less than a hundred ducats. The old woman went straight to the very city where the prince lived, for he had returned from camp and had ordered the whole city to go into mourning because of his lost love.

Fortunately the old woman met the prince and asked him if he would like to buy a lock of golden hair. The moment the prince saw the lock he was beside himself with surprise, for he perceived at once that it was his beloved's hair. So he seized hold of the old woman and asked her how she came by it. The old woman, terrified, confessed the whole.

Upon this he quickly mounted his horse, placed the old woman upon another, and they rode to the village where the old woman lived. When they arrived they found the maiden bathed in tears, bewailing her lost lover. He rushed to her, they kissed and embraced, and then went home, taking the old woman with them.

When the emperor's son had heard the details of the whole story he commanded the two maidens to be put to death. Then he married his own love. The old woman he honored as his own mother, and when she died he gave her an imperial funeral. — Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Banner Puzzlers

FOR AUGUST

New Work ..... W. P. E.
Solutions ..... W. P. E.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was a general in the American army in the war of independence, and was born in England in 1728. He was severely wounded near Pittsburg in the disastrous campaign of 1755, when Braddock lost his life. He espoused the cause of the Americans in the breaking out of the revolution, and in 1776 was appointed major general. In August, 1777, he took chief command of the American forces north of Albany, amounting to 6,000 men, besides some detached bodies of militia. October 7-8 of that year he defeated Burgoyne and gained the reputation of a consummate general, and some were in favor of putting him in Washington's place as commander-in-chief. In 1780 he was totally defeated by Cornwallis in South Carolina. He died in 1806. Of him Bancroft says: "His experience adapted him for good service in bringing the army into order, but he was shallow in his natural endowments and in his military culture." CLEO DAVIS.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

D, E and F were interested in a coal mine, and cleared the first year $3,285. D had $10,000 invested for nine months, when he withdrew half of the amount; E put in $20,000 two months after the partnership was formed, and F put in $12,000 five months before it expired. Divide the profit. MATTHEW MATTOX.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X

1.—A man whose prayer was answered. (1 Chron. 4:9.)
2.—A tree that was to cast its fruit. (Deut. 28:40.)
3.—One whose name was changed. (Acts 13:1.)
4.—The very first. (Rev. 1:8.)
5.—A country in the tribe of Asher. (Josh. 19:29.)
Primals, a man who ran away from God; finals, an Ethiopian. 2 Chron. 14:9. C. M. B.

4.—DICKENS ALPHABET.

A.—The second wife of David Copperfield.
B.—One who was "willin'."
C.—The hero of one of Dickens' books.
D.—The hero of another Dickens book.
E.—A girl who was betrayed by David's dearest friend.
F.—A thieving Jew.
H.—A stable man at the Maypole Inn.
I.—One who was present at the "levee" given in America for Martin Chuzzlewit.
J.—The proprietress of a waxworks show.
K.—A rag and bottle man in Bleak House.
L.—The landlady of the Blue Dragon.
M.—One who always paid his debts with "I O U's."
TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY.
(Continued next week.)

5.—QUERY.)

We have all heard of glaciers. Who can tell how they are formed?
ALICE BANGS.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"All things rest; why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan
Still from one sorrow to another thrown."
BUCKEYE JR.

Answers to Puzzles of Sept. 27.

1.—Wm. Lloyd Garrison.
2.—66 231 rds.
3.—Words forming half square: Zelotus, Elizur, Iiver, Ozem, tur (ban), Ur, S.
4.—T-E-N-N-Y-S-O-N.
5.—Gog and Magog are two giant statues, 14 feet high, which occupy pedestals in the Guild hall of London. Their living prototypes are said to have been found in Britain by Brute, who invaded Albion and founded the city of London more than 3,000 years ago. Albion was inhabited at that time by a race of giants, whom the Trojans finally conquered, leading the last two survivors as prisoners to London, where they were chained to the gates of the palace on the site of Guild hall, and kept as porters. When they died their effigies were set up in their places. The old giants were burned in the great London fire, and new ones were constructed in 1708. The ancient effigies, which were made of wickerwork and pasteboard, were carried through the streets in the lord mayor's shows, and copies of the present giants were in the show of 1837.
6.—Thomas Hogg wrote:
"Of all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As music's melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love."

Chat.

There was a fine class at the Cademy this morning, consisting of W. P. E., H. N. Humphrey, Hawkeye, Glen Ivy, Alice Teasdall, Mrs. H. Larned, and Pauline.

H. N. Humphrey, you are invited to come again and bring the solutions to your problems with you. Otherwise they cannot be used.

Glen Ivy, your work is beautifully done. Come as often as you can.

W. P. E., the quotation you sent is excellent, but too long.

Hawkeye, you are a good girl with a good lesson this week.

STORY OF A DISASTER

Survivors Tell of Awful Experience at Sea.

Hong Kong, Oct. 5.—Further details have been received of the wreck of the emigrant steamer Charterhouse, voyaging between Hoihow and Hong Kong, which foundered off Hainan Head on September 30, with the loss of more than sixty lives. The North German Lloyd steamer Kohsichang picked up a raft belonging to the Charterhouse on which were Chief Engineer Dowse, twenty-three of the crew and two women after they had been drifting for forty-three hours. On the third and last evening October 2, the survivors on the raft descried smoke on the horizon. On observing the Kohsichang's hull there was great joy and the Chinese of the party became frantically happy at the prospect of quenching their maddening thirst and appeasing their gnawing hunger. Captain Rosiefsky, of the Kohsichang, rescued the survivors, including a little boy. They had almost collapsed from exhaustion and were carried on board the Kohsichang, being unable to walk. Despite the doctor's unremitting attention the boy died an hour after being taken aboard. Chief Engineer Dowse has been removed to a hospital. The crew of the Kohsichang gave unbounded attention to the survivors. Among those who went down with the Charterhouse and were drowned were Captain Nelitton, Chief Officer Farqueharson, Second Officer Grigor and Engineers Forbes and Maurmann, besides the ship's doctor and sixty others. Chief Engineer Dowse, who was among those picked up on the raft by the German Lloyd steamer Kohsichang, in his statement made today said:

"Previous to starting on the voyage to Hong Kong the Charterhouse landed 700 emigrants at Hoihow. She sailed at 3:30 on the afternoon of September 28, bound for Hong Kong with ninety-seven people on board, including six British officers, the doctor, and a full cargo of sugar. Six hours later she was overtaken by a typhoon and preparations were made to ride out the gale. The officers were posted at their respective stations. The wind increased carrying away the masts and sails, the vessel tossing cork-like on mountainous waves, sustaining considerable damage from the sea. The engines were slowed down, but the wind increased and the chances were slight for the vessel weathering the storm. Between 8 and 9 o'clock on September 29 the weight of the storm was encountered, and the word was passed along that the ship was foundering, the boats were made ready to take the passengers on board, and the crew was lined up on deck. Owing to the heavy sea it was found impossible to launch the boats, but the passengers and crew got into them and awaited the sinking of the steamer, hoping that they would chance to float when she went down. Despite the darkness and the imminent danger of drowning, there was an entire absence of panic. The officers did their duty calmly, while the Chinese passengers and crew emulated the officers by their courage in the presence of death.

"Meanwhile the second officer was missed and it was surmised he was washed overboard.

"When finally the Charterhouse settled between the waves only the afterboat got away. The others were smashed. The ship's officers were in the afterboat which capsized. I managed to reach a raft containing seven Chinese. Afterward I saw Engineer Forbes and Maurmann upon another raft. They called out to me that they were all right. I afterward lost sight of all craft until Sunday, September 30, when I met a raft carrying the two firemen.

"We kept together all day and toward evening found a vacant raft which I lashed to the one I was on. We were cramped for space and found it impossible to lie down to sleep.

"We drifted until Monday afternoon October 1, when we sighted a lifeboat, which disappeared the following morning."

WILL RETURN TO JAPAN

Marquis Ito Will Try to Pull Cabinet Out of Trouble.

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 5.—Marquis Ito is to return from Korea in November to patch up serious differences which have arisen in the Japanese cabinet, according to advices received yesterday by the Tosa Maru. Dissensions have been caused between the military and civil parties as a result of persistent interference of the military party in state affairs, especially with regard to the policy in Manchuria and Korea which is strongly objected to by the military section. Fearing lest this friction result in the disruption of Marquis Saionji's cabinet, some members of the cabinet privately wrote to Marquis Ito and he has agreed to endeavor to arrange the difficulties.

Some alarmist dispatches are printed by Japanese papers from Harbin that the Russians are pushing forward the defense works at Harbin, a line of forts extending for miles being under construction. Some dispatches speak of troops also being massed. One correspondent says:

"This clearly shows that Russia intends to wage a war of retaliation against Japan."

A Mukden dispatch says Russians are employing Chinese spies to inform them of the movements of the Japanese troops in Manchuria. The American minister at Pekin is reported by Japanese correspondents to have sent a notice to the Russian minister asking for the opening of Manchuria to trade and stating that negotiations will be opened with China to that end if Russia fails to throw open the towns now closed.

The remainder of the crew of the Japanese sealing schooner Toyei Maru No. 2, of whom five were killed and twelve captured during a raid on St. Paul island seal rookery, have reported to the Japanese government that the sealers were killed when going in a boat to ascertain what had become of a boat's crew sent ashore for water. Mr. Sato, director of the company which owns the schooner, made the following statement to the authorities:

"On June 16 the ship dispatched a boat to St. Paul island in order to fetch water, but it did not return. On the following day another boat was sent, when it was unexpectedly fired on by the Americans. Only one man managed to return to the ship. Fearing that greater peril was in store for him, but he did not stay to make inquiries, but hastily set sail. None of the crew was armed nor offered resistance.

THROW BOMB AT FUNERAL

Terrorists Get Second Victim at Burial of First.

Tiflis, Oct. 5.—A bomb was thrown here yesterday near the Vorontzoff monument. An officer was killed and several persons were wounded.

The bomb was thrown during the funeral procession of a young officer of the garrison, Lieutenant Imnadze, who was assassinated yesterday by terrorists. The officer killed was Imnadze's brother. Captain Temnikoff was among the seriously wounded. The carriage in which the officers were riding was wrecked.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

BOY'S TERRIBLE ECZEMA.

Mouth and Eyes Covered With Crusts —Hands Pinned Down—Miraculous Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little boy was six months old, he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest, and back, in short the whole body, was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed, we had to pin his hands down; otherwise he would scratch his face, and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing would help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa., June 5, 1905."

CAN'T TAKE THE THRONE

Von Buelow Objects to the Duke of Cumberland.

Hamburg, Oct. 5.—Two important letters from Prince Von Buelow to the ministry of the duchy of Brunswick, answering the resolution of the diet of the duchy, passed on September 25, were published yesterday. Prince Von Buelow, as chancellor of the empire, and a minister of Prussia, declared that the accession of the duke of Cumberland to the throne of the duchy is out of the question, as the duke is still tolerating anti-Prussian agitation in order to regain the throne of Hanover. The two letters in-

PRINCE VON BUELOW.

dicate that Prussia, in accordance with the imperial Dundesrath, is determined not to allow the duke of Cumberland or his son to accede to the throne of the duchy.

The diet of Brunswick on September 25 adopted a resolution asking Prince Von Buelow to take suitable steps to settle the controversy over the crown of Brunswick. The chancellor was requested to communicate with the duke of Cumberland and Emperor William as king of Prussia.

Prince Albrecht, of Prussia, the last regent of the duchy of Brunswick, died on September 13. The duke of Cumberland, a son of George I, of Hanover, a cousin of King Edward and a general in the British army, is the rightful heir to the last duke of Brunswick, but having refused to comply with the conditions which Prussia attached to his succession, Emperor William appointed the late Prince Albrecht as regent of the duchy. The duke of Cumberland promised his father on his deathbed never to surrender his rights to the throne of Hanover.

FAIRBANKS AT A FEAST

Vice President and Canadian Official Speak at Erie.

Erie, Pa., Oct. 6.—Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks and Postmaster General Rudolph Lemieux, of Canada, were guests of honor at the annual banquet of the Erie Chamber of Commerce held last evening at Basin rink. Six hundred guests listened to the remarks of the distinguished guests.

As the minister from Canada arose to respond to the toast which had been assigned him, a Canadian flag was unfurled and dropped behind the speaker's table. The innovation excited the enmity of the audience to a marked degree and it was some time before the speaker was permitted to proceed with his remarks. The postmaster general spoke at length on the friendliness of Canada towards the United States. He cited several instances to prove his assertions, and concluded with a touching appeal to his auditors to cement more securely the already existing bonds of friendship.

Vice President Fairbanks was accorded a generous ovation, and when an American flag was lowered behind the speaker the audience rose to its feet and manifested its enthusiasm.

At the conclusion of the banquet the distinguished guests held an informal reception in the hall.

In the morning the vice president was taken through the city and visited several points of interest. He was the central figure at a reception held at the Reed House, and after addressing the citizens was taken to the Country club, where luncheon was served.

Postmaster General Limieux did not arrive here until late yesterday afternoon and was unable to take part in the program of the day.

EMBEZZLEMENT IN PARIS

Long Investigation Discloses Loss of Two Millions.

Paris, Oct. 4.—A preliminary investigation lasting two years and a half of embezzlements amounting to $2,100,000 have just been completed. The frauds were perpetrated by means of the formation of fraudulent industrial companies. A financier named Leeper, who cannot be found, is to be tried by default. Seven other men will be tried on charges of complicity.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Enormous Crowd Almost in a Panic.

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 4.—In the presence of the largest crowd that has ever gathered in Harrisburg, the magnificent new capitol of Pennsylvania was dedicated today with brief ceremonies, in which President Roosevelt took an active part.

Crowds began to gather about the immense grandstand at the West State street entrance to the capitol grounds at daybreak, and when the exercises began the place was one mass of humanity. Before the exercises were started rain began falling and continued throughout the ceremonies. Thousands stood in the drenching downpour facing the president's stand, which was filled notwithstanding the rain. Most of the ticket holders were men, few women turning out on account of the bad weather.

President Roosevelt arrived at the Pennsylvania railroad station at 11:02 a. m., and was met by the capitol dedication committee, and was escorted to the capitol by the governor's troop. Crowds lined the route from the station to the capitol, and the president was given a cordial greeting. At the capitol the president was met by Governor Pennypacker, and after the formal greetings the governor and Mayor Gross, of Harrisburg, presented the president with gold medals as gifts of the state and city, respectively.

President Roosevelt had an enthusiastic reception when he appeared on the grandstand at 11:46 o'clock. All branches of the state government were represented in the crowd on the platform, and considerable space was given to specially invited guests.

Following the reading of a portion of the Scriptures from a historic Bible by John H. Dillingham, a member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, former governor Wm. A. Stone, president of the capitol building commission, in a brief address, turned the building over to the governor, at the same time handing him a gold key.

Governor Pennypacker accepted the building on behalf of the people, in a brief speech.

When he concluded the governor introduced President Roosevelt, who delivered the principal address of the day.

Guardsmen Quiet the Crowd.

The President wore a rain coat and spoke bareheaded in the rain.

The crowd surged dangerously about one of the street corners, several thousand persons being involved in the struggling mass. Matters assumed such a stage that Colonel Jos. B. Hutchinson, commander of the Eighth Regiment P. N. G. and chief of Harrisburg's police, rode into the crowd and with the aid of a squadron of guardsmen quieted the people and complete order was restored.

After the cheering that greeted the President at the conclusion of his address had died away, Bishop Darlington, of Harrisburg, invoked the divine benediction, bringing the exercises to a close.

The moment the ceremonies were over a parade, which included one brigade of the Pennsylvania National Guard, cadets from the Carlisle Indian school and soldiers orphans' schools, passed in review before the President.

After the parade the President and party were afforded an opportunity to inspect the capitol. This was followed by a luncheon at the executive mansion in honor of the President, at which forty guests were present.

President Roosevelt's Address.

In his address President Roosevelt said:

"We need thorough executive action, thorough legislation, and thorough judicial interpretation and construction of law, to increase the power of the federal government.

"If we fail thus to increase it, we show our impotence and leave ourselves at the mercy of those ingenious legal advisers of the holders of vast corporate wealth, who, in the performance of what they regard as their duty, and to serve the ends of their clients, invoke the law at one time for the confounding of their rivals, and at another time strive for the nullification of the law, in order that they themselves may be left free to work their unbridled will on these same rivals, or on those who labor for them, or on the general public. In the exercise of their profession and in the service of their clients these astute lawyers strive to prevent the passage of efficient laws and strive to secure judicial determinations of those that pass which shall emasculate them. They do not invoke the constitution in order to compel the due observance of law alike by rich and poor, by great and small; on the contrary, they are ceaselessly on the watch to cry out that the constitution is violated whenever any effort is made to invoke the aid of the national government, whether for the efficient regulation of railroads, for the efficient supervision of great corporations, or for efficiently securing obedience to such a law as the national eight-hour law and similar so-called "labor statutes."

Blames Corporation Lawyers.

"The doctrine they preach would make the constitution merely the shield of incompetence and the excuse for governmental paralysis; they treat it as a justification for refusing to attempt the remedy of evil, instead of as the source of vital power necessary for the existence of a mighty and ever-growing nation.

"Many legislative actions and many judicial decisions which I am confident time will show to have been enormous and a damage to the country would have been avoided if our legislators and jurists had approached the matter of enacting and constructing the laws of the land in the spirit of your great Pennsylvanian, Justice Wilson—in the spirit of Marshall and of Washington. Such decisions put us at a great disadvantage in the battle for industrial order as against the present industrial chaos. If we interpret the constitution in narrow instead of broad fashion, if we forsake the principles of Washington, Marshall, Wilson and Hamilton, we as a people will render ourselves impotent to deal with any abuses which may be committed by the men who have accumulated the enormous fortunes of today, and who use these fortunes in still vaster corporate form in business.

Against Government Ownership.

"Under a wise and farseeing interpretation of the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution, I maintain that the national government should have complete power to deal with all of this wealth which in any way goes into the commerce between the states—and practically all of it that is employed in the great corporations does thus go in.

"To exercise a constantly increasing and constantly more efficient supervision and control over the great common carriers of the country prevents all necessity for seriously considering such a project as the government ownership of railroads—a policy which would be evil in its results from every standpoint."

MILLS NOW WANT HELP

Cotton Operatives Are Scarce in Rhode Island.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 8.—Cotton mills agents in Rhode Island complain of a scarcity of help in some departments and assert that in this respect the increase of wages granted early last summer did not have the beneficial result hoped for.

The increase has not thus far drawn back of a sufficient number of those who left the mills when wages were lower and when there was dissatisfaction among the workmen for other reasons, in some of the mills, at the present time, more looms are stopped than has been the case heretofore in the history of the industry in this state. In one large mill there are said to be 600 looms idle, where a few years ago the number of applicants for work exceeded the demand. A fifth of the looms in another large mill are said to be stopped for want of operatives. This scarcity of labor has brought about keen competition among mill officials in offering inducements to families of workers to become permanent help, and foremen and second hands are employed constantly in looking for new hands. In some instances the expense of removing families and their household belongings from one village to another has been paid by mill managements, so eager are they to secure experienced hands, who can be depended upon to remain permanently.

TWO BOMBS THROWN.

Kazan, Russia, Oct. 8.—Two bombs were thrown yesterday at Vice Governor Kobeto, but he was only slightly injured. The would-be assassin escaped.

MOSELEY COMING AGAIN

Will Bring 500 Teachers to See U. S. Schools.

New York, Oct. 5.—Alfred Moseley, the English educationalist who sent a commission of Englishmen interested in education to America in 1902, is coming here at the end of this month preparatory to bringing over 500 teachers of English schools. They will start coming in batches of fifteen or twenty soon after his arrival.

A committee of ten, headed by Mr.

ALFRED MOSELEY.

Straubenmuller, of the department of education, is now preparing a classification of the public schools of Greater New York in order to make it possible for each visitor to see the kind of school in which he is most interested.

GREEN REFUSES TO RUN

Son of Richest Woman Withdraws From Texas Race.

Houston, Texas, Oct. 5.—E. H. R. Green, of Terrell, president of the Texas Midland railroad and son of Mrs. Hetty Green, has withdrawn as the "reorganized Republican" nominee for governor of Texas, Dr. A. C. Acheson being named by the executive committee to take his place. Dr. Acheson is a brother of Congressman Acheson, of Pennsyl-

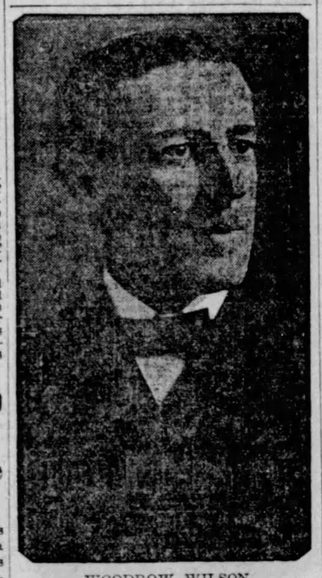
E. H. R. GREEN.

vania. The "Reorganized Republican" party of Texas was organized as a protest against the conduct of the affairs of the regular Republican party in Texas by National Committeeman Cecil A. Lyon, it being alleged that Lyon was seeking to throw over the black element and make of the party a "lily white" organization.

WOULD NOT BE SENATOR

President of Princeton Not After Political Honor.

New York, Oct. 8.—The Evening Post publishes a cablegram from Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, saying he could not leave Princeton to take a seat in the United States Senate. The Post sent the following cablegram to President



WOODROW WILSON.

Wilson: "Your name is being used as a candidate for United States Senator from New Jersey. Did you authorize this?"

President Wilson's reply sent from Ambleside, England, reads: "Did not authorize use of my name. Very much complimented that I should be thought of for senate, but could not leave my work at Princeton."

WORLD WILL BE INSANE

London Doctor Says the Increase Is Frightful.

New York, Oct. 5.—A delightful forecast of the world is held up to us by Dr. Forbes Winslow, says a London dispatch to the Times today.

"According to the statistical figures on insanity," says the doctor in an interview, "it can be shown that before long there will be actually more lunatics in the world than sane people. The burning problem of the day is how to prevent this increase of insanity. What is the use of wasting time and energy on an education bill, when we have before us this absorbing problem, the contemplation of an insane world, to deal with?"

JOHN D.'S INTERVIEW

Deplores Attacks Made on Big Corporations.

Cleveland, O., Oct. 4.—John D. Rockefeller has given an interview in which he comments on the demand for government regulation of so-called private industries and makes a strong plea for national development. Mr. Rockefeller is quoted, in part, as follows:

"If we limit opportunity we will have to put the brakes on our national development. Will the individual strive for success if he knows the hard won prize is to be snatched from his fingers at the last by his government? We are still too young a nation to begin tearing down. We must build up, build up, build up, for years to come. The very children in the schools should be taught the need of our development."

Speaking of his recent visit to France, Mr. Rockefeller said: "The French people hate us, and they will crush us if they can. They want our money. They want the patronage of our tourists. But they hate us. They never let slip an opportunity to take quick advantage of our mistakes. This is a struggle for supremacy. We must win, or they will, and there will be no quarter for us if they win. And now there is Japan, rising in the east to a power we cannot estimate. We cannot foretell what her competition will be; we do not know the resources of the new territory which she controls; we canot guess the commercial and industrial possibilities of the Japanese.

"At this critical stage we are giving the enemy ammunition to fire at us. He is quick to seize this advantage. Take the attack we made upon our own packing business, for instance. I know none of the men in the beef trade, I never dealt with them, nor was I ever associated even indirectly with their business or themselves. But it is safe to assume from the proportions of their industry that they are sound business men. And it is safe to assume, too, that no business could have been built to such proportions on such false principles, or by such unsound methods as they were charged with.

"I was in Europe when the attack was made at home upon these men and their industry, and I could watch the effect of it there at close range. These fellows abroad snatched at our own charges against our own business with the greatest glee. They used them promptly as ammunition with which to attack America and everything American, especially American manufactured products and trade. I do not believe there was a line of American goods sold abroad that was not injured, or an American agent doing business abroad whose work was not hampered by this.

"We are to young a nation for this tearing down. Our position is by no means secure. It is like repeating A, B, C, to say that we canot consume our total production. We must sell abroad or do less business. Reducing the volume of our production means less work, less business transacted, at the very least. It is checking our development instead of furthering it. Is it common sense, then, to handicap our export trade at home, to attack the good name of our business for the benefit of our foreign rivals?

"Is it common sense to tell our young men, on whom the future must depend, that they can hope for no other reward for carrying our commercial flag forward than frenzied attacks at home, and all the handicaps their own government can pile upon their business to satisfy the violent prejudice excited against them?"

Referring to a subpena recently issued, requiring him to appear in court in an action against the Standard Oil company, Mr. Rockefeller said:

"While I was in active business I used to always respond. But now I am not in a position to give these inquiring people the information they want. They know that as well as I do. If they merely wanted information it is other men whom they would summon, the men who have the information they want. They know that also. So I am reluctantly compelled to conclude that it is notoriety they want rather than information. I yield to no man in respect for law, but I am unable to see where the little notoriety an inquisitor might get from putting me on the stand would serve the ends of justice. So I avoid the ordeal, with its exhaustion, when I can, and preserve my strength and quiet."

50 DEAD IN MINE HORROR

Bodies of West Fork Explosion Victims Found.

Pocahontas, Va., Oct. 5.—Eighteen known dead and from thirty to forty more men entombed and doubtless all dead, is the situation at the West Fork mines of the Pocahontas Collieries Co., where the explosion occurred Wednesday afternoon.

The dead: B. Cook, Hall Richards, W. C. Kelley, Henry Green, John Adham, Ed Brown, George Radford, J. A. Dancey, John Davis, John Cumbee, Paul Valsko, Joe Elash, Bertie Estony.

Negroes: Henry Ward, Dick Mooman, Lightburn Woody, Ben Peery and John Green.

The bodies of these men were recovered from the mines as the result of the heroic work of a band of thirty-five men constituting a rescuing party that worked incessantly through the hours of the night and day. It was not until 7:30 o'clock last evening that the rescuers reached a point nearest Paul entry, where the explosion occurred. The work of rescue was very slow, as the conditions confronting the party were difficult to surmount. Toward the middle of the evening the hope was expressed that all the bodies would be recovered by midnight.

The authorities anticipated the fearful extent of the casualties by ordering a car load of coffins and burial supplies. The order was sent to Bluefield, and the supplies, which include sixty coffins, are expected to reach Pocahontas today.

Superintendent William Leckie, of the mine, who entered the mine as one of the rescuing party, had a narrow escape from death. He was overcome by the fumes and had to be carried out. Edward Jones, the inside mine foreman, led the first rescue party, and when that party failed to return in a reasonable time a second rescue party under Superintendent Leckie followed.

John Odam and Ed Brown were overcome by gas and died and Leckie barely escaped with his life. Then the third party was formed and continued the work.

Meantime the first party had reached another entrance to the mine in safety and sent word over the mountain announcing that fact. All this time the work of bratticing the mine, necessary for carrying on the work of rescue, was being effectively carried on. Some confusion was caused in the determination of the exact number of men entombed by the fact that when the explosion occurred the exchange of shifts was in progress, added to which was the fact that a number of the men escaped from the Tug Fork entrance.

The scenes around the mine were pitiful. Relatives and friends gathered in groups at the entrances and elsewhere awaiting tidings of the victims and gave vent to their grief as the bodies one by one were brought out. S. B. Cook, one of the victims whose body was found within 300 feet of the outside of the mine, was the only survivor of the big explosion on the Pocahontas mines in 1884.

The explosion piled up timbers and dirt to the height of six feet. While the force of the explosion was terrific the foremen who were at the mine offices did not know there had been any trouble until the men and mules failed to come out at the time for quitting work. Report of the explosion was heard on the outside of the mines.

TWENTY-NINE RECOVERED

Estimates Place Number of Dead in Mine at Seventy.

Bluefield, W. Va., Oct. 6.—Twenty-nine bodies have been recovered from the west fork of the Pocahontas Colliers company mine at Pocahontas, Va., and a conservative estimate places the total number of dead at seventy. The rescuing party has reached the scene of the explosion, but the immense amount of debris and wreckage has hampered the search for bodies. There is no evidence thus far of fire.

GETS INFERNAL MACHINE

Clerk Soaks Suspicious Package Addressed to Governor.

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 6.—A suspicious looking package containing what appeared to be an infernal machine, was found in Governor Pennypacker's mail at the executive mansion yesterday. It was about three inches square and resembled in shape a baking powder box. Newspaper clippings were tied around the box with small pieces of yellow ribbon. The peculiar appearance of the package excited the suspicion of Executive Clerk Lynch, who placed it in a bucket of water and let it soak for several hours. Upon being opened it was found to contain a small case resembling a cartridge shell surrounded by black powder, and was intended to be exploded by the removal of the lid. The package was addressed to the governor. On the outside there was a wide red band, on the outside of which was pasted the name: "The Ridgeway Company, 31 East Seventh street, New York," and this newspaper extract:

"Help, help, help."

"People to their true place of honor of righting of wrongs in American life through the unearthing of the beef scandal, insurance scandal, railroad scandal, land grabbing scandals, banking scandals, the revelations of municipal loot and political graft, proves that the moral sense is keen in the American people. An awakened public conscience is back of our vigilant press, outspoken pulpit and courageous statesmanship."

On the inside wrapper were words carefully clipped from newspapers and closely pasted to the tin. Among them were:

"Capitol dedication." "Keep to the right." "Penrose." "Pennsy." "Why is it?" "Anarchist."

The remainder formed a jumble from which no sense could be extracted. None of the attaches would discuss the subject, but it was generally regarded as a practical joke. The construction of the "machine" was not such as to have rendered it very dangerous even though it had exploded. There is no clue to the sender.

FOR A DAM AT LA BOCA

Engineer Stevens Decides on Big Works at Panama.

Panama, Oct. 4. — John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Panama canal, informed the Associated Press yesterday that he had decided to construct a big earth dam at La Boca. The preliminary work already has been started and tracks are rapidly being laid. The old

JOHN F. STEVENS.

town of La Boca will disappear and a new town is to be erected at Sosa Hill, near Gatum. One steam shovel is already working on the dam and Mr. Stevens expects to have two more at work within a month.

GOULDS TOGETHER AGAIN

Domestic Quarrel of Millionaire and Wife Over.

New York, Oct. 8.—After a separation of three weeks, during which their friends talked of a divorce suit, Howard Gould and his wife appeared together Saturday at the Vanderbilt automobile cup race. It was their first meeting for weeks, and during that time they had been living at different hotels in Manhattan. Even their closest friends admit there was an estrangement. They

MRS. HOWARD GOULD.

were reconciled the night before and started at once for the race.

The separation was the direct result of a disagreement over the superintendent of Castle Gould, the "Folly," as natives of Long Island call it, that has cost the Goulds so much money. Mrs. Gould wanted to dismiss the superintendent against her husband's wish.

BIG BRUSH FIRES OVER

Hundreds of Square Miles of California Are Devastated.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 8.—Eight to ten square miles of brush land burned over is yesterday's record of the disastrous fire which since Friday morning has been eating its way in and out through the San Fernando valley, destroying ranch houses, burning cattle, reducing $50,000 worth of Standard Oil property to ashes, threatening towns and hamlets, wiping out 100 miles of fencing, and leaving 325 square miles of acreage a blackened waste. Saturday at midnight it was thought the flames were dying out, but yesterday's wind revived the fire and it rapidly worked its way into Wilson and Pacoima canyons. Late last night the fire was believed to have burned itself out.

LYNCHED WRONG NEGRO

Innocent Man Victim of Mob in Arkansas.

Argenta, Ark., Oct. 8.—As a sequel to the killing of John Lindsay and the wounding of his son, Policeman Milton Lindsay, here Saturday night, presumably by Garrett Colum and Charles Colum, negroes, H. Blackburn, a negro, was lynched last night at 10 o'clock at the corner of Sixth and Main streets.

At 1:30 o'clock in the morning, Will Harding, a painter, was shot in the back while walking down the street.

At noon Blackburn, who conducted a confectionery store in Argenta, was arrested on suspicion of being the man who did the firing. The town was quiet all day, but as a precaution Mayor Faucette and Sheriff Kavanaugh swore in fifteen extra policemen, and the sheriff sent several extra deputies to assist the police.

Shortly before 10 o'clock last night four masked men entered the police station from the rear, and one covered the turnkey with a pistol while the others got his keys and quickly unlocked Blackburn's cell and took him out the back way. Not a shot was fired and there was no disturbance, so that Policeman Pratt and two deputies who were standing on the street a few blocks away knew nothing of what was going on until they heard several shots fired at Main and Sixth streets. Going there they found Blackburn already dead, hanged to a telegraph pole, while the crowd were apparently merely onlookers.

It is today believed that Blackburn, the negro lynched, was not the man wanted.

Fully 800 negroes deserted their homes in Argenta and went to Little Rock to spend last night. The leaders said that they were afraid to remain in Argenta for fear of another outbreak by the whites.

The lynching is the latest link in a chain of clashes between whites and blacks which started in September, when a white man named R. R. McDonald killed a negro musician named Wiley Shelby. Next day at the inquest held at the Colum's undertaking store a difficulty arose in which Robert Colum was killed and Deputy Constable Ed. Lindsay and Garrett Colum severely wounded, the latter emerging from the hospital only Saturday.

That night Policeman Milton Lindsay and his father were walking past the Colum store when they were fired on from ambush. John Lindsay was killed on the spot. His son was severely wounded, but managed to crawl out of range.

When the police and citizens attempted to enter the store they were fired on. It is supposed Charles and Garrett Colum did the shooting. Later in the night, thinking the Colum brothers were still locked in the rear room of the store, the place was dynamited, but the negroes had escaped.

Negro Shot in Kentucky.

Paducah, Ky., Oct. 8.—Ben Jones, a young negro, was shot to death yesterday near Vicksburg. Livingston county, by John Scott, a farmer of that section. Jones brutally assaulted a young daughter of Scott's, and was chased down by the father and killed. In the past two months two other negroes were lynched in Livingston county for assaulting women. It is declared that an illicit distillery in the locality is the principal cause of the crimes.

Military Guard in Macon.

Macon, Ga., Oct. 7.—Quiet reigns in this city, and no further trouble is anticipated. The negro who shot Adams and Solomon Saturday night was sent to Atlanta for safekeeping. The military is held in readiness in case of emergency. The mob succeeded in breaking into the jail at a late hour Saturday night, but the negro had been placed in the barracks under heavy military guard. He was slightly wounded and another negro was shot in the leg.

Green and Gaynor, two federal prisoners, convicted of frauds in the Savannah harbor expenditures, were in the jail while the mob hammered at the iron doors, and after effecting an entrance the noted prisoners mingled with the enraged crowd in perfect composure. No further trouble can occur, as crowds are not permitted to assemble.

After Lynching in Mobile.

Mobile, Ala., Oct. 8.—Fears entertained of retaliation by the negroes for the lynchings of Thompson and Robinson, negroes charged with criminal assault, have disappeared, and the city is perfectly quiet.

Negro's Victim Dies.

Columbia, S. C., Oct. 8.—J. E. Gaillard, one of the three white men shot by Henry Adams, alias Sam Small, at Manning Friday evening, died from his injuries yesterday. Adams was an employe of Cole Bros.' circus. At sumter a mob was formed for the purpose of lynching the negro, but Sheriff Muldrow evaded the mob. Adams was placed in the penitentiary for safe keeping. The circus is scheduled to show at Sumter on Wednesday. Threats have been made that there will be trouble should the show go to Sumter.

Posse Pursues Black.

Charlotte, N.C., Oct. 8.—R. H. Eubanks, superintendent of a construction company engaged on the double tracking of the Southern railway, was shot and instantly killed yesterday by Oscar Gaddy, a negro, at the railway camps near Lexington. A posse of armed men numbering 200, with bloodhounds, are scouring the country for him, and, if caught, he probably will be lynched.

Indiana Mob Fooled.

Bloomington, Ind., Oct. 8.—The negro, Edward Jones, who shot and killed Alfred Stephens, a lunch wagon man, was safely taken to the Marion county jail at Indianapolis yesterday. The crowd which for a time threatened to take Jones from the officers and lynch him was again in evidence, and it was only by the determined efforts of the sheriff and his deputies that the excited men surrounding the jail were kept from battering the doors down and entering the place.

BUILDINGS DEMOLISHED

New Orleans Swept by Destructive Gale.

New Orleans, Oct. 5. — A tornado passed diagonally across the residence part of New Orleans at 8 o'clock this morning, demolishing buildings, taking off roofs, tearing down fences and doing other damage. No one is reported killed in this city, but there were fatalities in towns near here.

Aspecial from Hammond, La., on the Illinois Central road, about fifty miles from New Orleans, says that a tornado struck Pontchatoula, near there, this morning, killing four people and injuring a number. The damage to property was heavy. The tornado crossed the river in this city about Jena street in the uptown district and cut across to the rear of the Third ward, one side of which is bounded by Canal street. Great excitement was caused in the districts affected.

A number of houses were blown down by the wind in different parts of the city. At First and Magnolia streets a house was demolished and a woman and child severely hurt. A factory at Erato and Magnolia was also badly damaged.

The Jai Alia skating rink at Milan and Carondelet streets was blown to pieces and the debris from it scattered in every direction. Many other houses were destroyed. Scores of persons were hurt by flying timbers.

The tornado, crossing the river near Audubon park, swept in a northwesterly direction over the city, crossing Canal to the Woodside of Claiborne. Along its whole path of three miles or more damage was done. Telephone and telegraph poles were prostrated and communication with many parts of the city was rendered impossible. The Peters avenue car line was temporarily put out of business. At Toledano and Saratoga streets a new market in process of construction was leveled. Five new residences in that neighborhood were razed. A negro in Douglas square was picked up bodily and was blown some distance. Some damage was done at the oil mill in the same neighborhood.

REMARKABLE OPERATIONS

Sight Restored to Girl After Seven Years.

New York, Oct. 4.—The light that failed three years ago and left Margaret Huber, then 7 years old, stone blind, has been brought back by a series of operations which opthalmologists declare remarkable. The knife was used in an extreme case of irido-cyclitis, and the chances seemed to be 100 to 1 that the irritation from which the blindness arose would be increased. The accepted authority on eye diseases state that in such extreme cases operations are rarely successful. Dr. John A. Price, of the opthalmic department of the German Polillinik, performed the operations.

"It seemed just like night all the time," said the little patient, when she could see again, "but I never got discouraged and I always hoped to see again. I shall love the doctor all my life. Now I can go to school. I have never been there."

AN EPOCH-MAKING EVENT

Running of the First Electrically Propelled Train Into the Grand Central Station.

New York, Oct. 6.—An epoch-making event was the advent of the first railroad train drawn by an electric motor over a standard gauge track in the Grand Central station last Sunday. It is true that no attempt to maintain high speed was made, although the electrical locomotive is capable of eighty-two miles an hour with as little friction and as little jarring as an ordinary locomotive running forty miles an hour. And according to the experts practical demonstrations in Germany along somewhat different lines prove that 120 miles an hour can be obtained in the way of speed.

Locomotive No. 3406, with which the test was made, like the other thirty-four locomotives which are to take the place of the engines driven by steam, has double the horsepower of the largest locomotive on the New York Central road today. Each of the thirty-five has been tested up to sixty-nine miles per hour, and the movement is said to have been so steady and even that a brimming glass of water could be carried in the cab without spilling a drop. So perfect is the control that a train running a mile a minute can be stopped in a little more than its own length. This alone is expected to do away with many accidents, and those interested in the development of electric engines believe that many accidents can be avoided by the use of electric locomotives. Once this can be demonstrated the argument is advanced that the traveling public which insists upon risks being reduced to a minimum without regard to the matter of cost will practically refuse to travel behind the old-fashioned locomotives. It is announced that the electric locomotive can attain the maximum speed in less than one-third of the time of the steam locomotive. There is no gearing as in the ordinary electric car. The power is transmitted directly from the motor to the axle.

This economy of power makes possible the high speed and its maintenance immediately after stopping. It is never necessary to reverse to bring the train to a standstill. The motorman controls a subsidiary current which puts the motor current into operation, so that the control is practically automatic.

The total normal horsepower of the electric rolling stock, when the initial zone is in working order early in November, will reach 129,400, and the total weight of the cars and the locomotive will be 12,680 tons. There will be twenty-three new passenger stations in the entire electric zone; 33 grade crossings will be eliminated, 22 miles of territory will be increased from two to four tracks, 16 miles from three to four tracks, and the reduction in the degrees of curvature by improvements will be 345 degrees—nearly a full circle—an achievement which railway engineers regard as remarkable, in view of the fact that the regular traffic of the road has suffered only a slight interference and that there has been no suspension of business whatever.

Of course, it is too soon to predict the establishment of electric zones along the entire line of the New York Central, but it would appear as though the general public would force the adoption of any system which will reduce the danger from accidents to the minimum. And it would also appear as though many powerful movements are playing in favor of the substitution of electricity for steam so far as the passenger traffic of the roads is concerned, no matter what may be the future evolution of the railway freight business. An electric engineer, for years the right-hand man of Thomas A. Edison, himself an Ohio boy, a man who had much to do with the birth of the street railway systems of the country, having been interested in the construction of the first trolley lines at Richmond, Virginia, and Columbus, Ohio, has invented a piece of mechanism which he has not as yet perfected, by which he h

CATTLE RAISERS MEET

Meat Men to Discuss Question of Foreign Markets.

Kansas City, Oct. 8.—A joint convention of the American National Live Stock association, the Cattle Raisers' association and the Corn Belt Meat Producers' association was held here today and plans were discussed for securing a better foreign market for American live stock products. The call for the convention says in part:

"It is of great importance to the live stock industry that more extended foreign markets be secured in order to dispose of our increasing surplus of meat products and insure good prices for our live stock at home. The United States raises more live stock than it can consume, and on the other hand, there is a marked scarcity of meat in many continental countries. We should be able to supply this shortage abroad. Under fair and reasonable international trade relations we believe that a large proportion of our surplus meat products could be sold to these nations that need them, thus benefiting both ourselves and the European consumers."

MARINES TAKE CAPTIVES

Twenty Americans Disperse a Large Force of Insurgents.

Havana, Oct. 6.—A detachment of 200 insurgents today rode into Caridad, a suburb of the city of Puerto Principe, waving machetes and threatening people. Twenty American marines from the detachment on duty at Puerto Principe went to Caridad, dispersed the insurgents and arrested 39 of them. General Caballero, the insurgent leader, with 100 men, thereupon proceeded to the headquarters of the commander of the marines and demanded the release of the captured insurgents. Instead of releasing them the Americans disarmed Caballero and all of his followers who could be caught. Thereupon Caballero promised that all the insurgents under his command would disarm.

CLIMBS MOUNT M'KINLEY

Explorer Reaches Top of Peak After Repeated Failures.

New York, Oct. 8.—Satisfying a long cherished ambition Dr. Fred A. Cook, of Brooklyn, has reached the summit of Mt. McKinley which towers 20,446 feet over the Pacific ocean.

Mr. Cook's feat is notable as it is the first assent of the mountain on record and follows repeated failures. News of his success was received last night in a telegram from him dated Tyonek, Alaska, to H. L. Bridgeman of the Brooklyn Standard Union, which read:

"We have reached the summit of Mt. McKinley by a new route from the north and have mapped 3,000 miles of country. Return to Seattle by next steamer."

Mr. Cook's efforts to climb this mountain attracted wide attention, largely because of the practical value attached to the success of such an expedition. He has been able apparently, to add considerably to the geographical records of Alaska.

An expedition headed by Mr. Cook some time ago failed of its purpose and he left last May for a second attempt.

In the three attempts then made Cook had approached Mount McKinley respectively from the east, south and west. A recent letter from him received here and dated August 25 said that he was about to make an assent from the north side.

Dr. Cook was surgeon of the Peary Arctic expedition in 1891-2 and similarly associated with the Belgium expedition of 1897-9. He has written much on Polar exploration.

GAME JUST SURRENDERED

Squirrel Saw It Was No Use, and Gave Up.

Waterbury, Conn., Oct. 9.—A successor to Col. Davy Crockett, whose coon came resignedly down immediately upon discovering who it was that desired his pelt, has been discovered in John P. O'Connell, of East Haddam, to whom a big squirrel surrendered unconditionally.

O'Connell and Frank H. Congdon spent a day in the woods. They blazed away until most of their ammunition was exhausted, and the only animal they hit was a brindle cow grazing peacefully in an adjoining pasture. As they started for home suddenly O'Connell's dog pointed. Behind a stump sat a big gray squirrel obviously ill at ease. Just as O'Connell raised his gun the squirrel sprang forward, dodged the dog and dashed up inside the hunter's trousers' leg.

The gun went off in the air, Congdon yelled, the dog barked and the squirrel clawed his way onward and upward while O'Connell shuddered with terror. At last Congdon, by viciously banging O'Connell's hips with his gun stock, managed to stun the animal, which was captured.

O'Connell maintains that the squirrel, realizing the futility of flight, was emulating the example of the Crockett coon. Congdon holds to the theory that the game had noted O'Connell's marksmanship and thought his immediate vicinity the safest neighborhood.

Two Americans Sentenced to Be Shot in Mexico

LESLIE E. HULBURT

CHARLES T. RICHARDSON

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 8.—At dawn some day within the month three men, blindfolded, with their backs to an adobe wall, will be shot to death in Chihuahua, Mexico, as the last chapter of the most gigantic life insurance swindle in the United States in recent years.

The sentence of death has been affirmed by the supreme court, and the men to be shot dead are Leslie E. Hulbert, Dr. C. S. Harle, formerly son-in-law of one of the wealthiest cattle owners in Texas, and William Mitchell.

It is known that the swindlers got $25,000 out of the New York Life Insurance company, and that two men suffered death by poisoning, for these facts were confessed by Dr. Harle. No effort was ever made to connect the men with previous frouds in Mexico in which coffins were buried containing junk and afterward money collected from insurance companies. The Hulbert-Mitchell-Harle swindle was big enough in itself.

It took a corps of detectives months to get at the bottom of the affair, and the life insurance company spent double what the swindlers got to convict them.

TWO NATIONS IN TANGLE

Mexico and United States Confer on Salton Sea.

Washington, Oct. 9.—Who is responsible for the creation of the Salton sea in southern California, which already covers an area of 400 square miles and threatens to spread over 2,000 square miles if some means of diverting the Colorado river cannot be devised, is the question perplexing Mexican and American diplomats, but for the time being diplomatic representations have been suspended and both the United States and Mexico are making efforts to check the river, which has been accidentally turned from its course, through the efforts of the California Development company to irrigate lands in northern Mexico and southern California. Interesting complications of an international nature are threatened when the two governments attempt to settle their differences and make good the damage which has been wrought by diverting the Colorado from its old channel.

The California Development company originally tapped the river below Yuma, Ariz., and carried water from Arizona through a canal into northern Mexico and back into a great valley in southern California. In 1904 it was found that this canal was inadequate to supply water required for the irrigation project, and a Mexican corporation, controlled by the California Development company, was authorized by Mexico to take water from the Colorado in Mexico, a short distance south of Yuma. The irrigation canal was only one-fourth of a mile from a river at the point in Mexico where a ditch was cut through the sandy bank of the river connecting with the great irrigation canal. No gates were provided, and, with the high water of 1905, the Colorado river was diverted from its channel, cut away its bank, and went raging into the lowlands in California far below sea level.

Repeated attempts have been made to turn the river bank into its old channel, but without success. Again and again the Southern Pacific railroad has been compelled to move its track which ran through the Salton Sink, and have been forced onto the foothills surrounding the great basin which is being converted into a sea. Several small towns are now beneath the water which the Colorado has poured into the basin, and in many places only the tops of the railway's telegraph poles indicate where the roadbed formerly was. In the lowest part of the sink the water is now 70 feet deep. For a time the water from the Colorado raised the sea at the rate of six inches a day, and it has been estimated that, granting the failure of engineers to check the river, in 40 years all the basin located beneath the main course of the Colorado will be covered with water. A part of this basin is in Mexico, and the failure to control the river would give this country and Mexico a lake comparable to the great lakes separating the United States and Canada. At present the lake is greater than any body of water wholly within the United States except Salt Lake and Lake Michigan.

The Mexican company to which permission was granted to take water out of the Colorado in Mexico, was created in Mexico to assist the California Development company in making a success of an irrigation project which was a partial failure when water was taken from the Colorado in Arizona. Most of the land to be irrigated was in the United States, and the Mexican government had comparatively little to gain from the concession granted to the irrigation company.

International complications have followed growing out of the fact that existing treaties provide that the Colorado shall be maintained as a navigable stream, which is not now the case, because it has been completely diverted from the gulf of California into the sink. Expert engineers are struggling to control the flow of waters, and the Southern Pacific railroad, whose property is suffering greatly, is co-operating with the Mexican and American government engineers in an effort to construct another channel with flood gates in which the Colorado can be diverted long enough to repair the Salton break. The Mexican government commission is headed by Brig. Gen. Angel Garcia Pena and the American government by the reclamation service engineers.

COCKRAN NAMED AGAIN

Other Congressional Nominations in New York.

New York, Oct. 8.—Democratic congressional nominating conventions met in seventeen districts of this city last night, and Republican conventions were held in the six congressional districts of Kings county.

The Democrats failed to nominate in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth districts, and the Republicans in the Seventh.

The Democrats re-nominated Congressman Henry M. Goldfogle, Wm. Z. Sulzer, Joseph Gulden, W. Bourke Cockran, and John J. Fitzgerald.

The Republicans re-nominated Congressmen Charles T. Dunwell, Charles B. Law, George E. Waldo, and Wm. H. Calder.

In the Eleventh district the Democrats named Charles V. Fornes to succeed William R. Hearst, and in the Sixteenth Francis Burton Harrison was chosen to succeed Jacob Ruppert, Jr.

Former Representative Daniel Riordan was named by the Democrats of the Eighth district to succeed Congressman Timothy D. Sullivan.

PARADE OF VETERANS.

Spanish War Men on Streets of Washington.

Washington, Oct. 9.—The feature of the encampment and reunion of the United Spanish War Veterans today is the parade which takes place in the afternoon.

The principal business at the morning session was the ratification of the Amalgamation of the Legion of Spanish War Veterans of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, numbering approximately 500 men, with the United Spanish War Veterans.

WIND SAVES THIS TOWN

Turns Forest Fire Away From San Fernando.

Los Angeles, Oct. 9.—The changing of the wind saved the town of San Fernando from certain destruction from the mountain fire which raged intermittently from early Friday morning until late yesterday afternoon. Sixty square miles of slope and valley land, it is estimated, were burned over last night and until the subsidence of the flames yesterday afternoon, and it is said that in all 350 square miles have been devastated.

GIRL HARSHLY TREATED

American Woman Pulled From Train in Russia.

New York, Oct. 9.—Karekin Aleon, an Americanized Armenian merchant, who reached here today on the steamship LaBretagne, after a trip through Europe and Asia, makes the statement that American citizens traveling in Russia are given scant courtesy by the officials of that country, and in some cases are harshly treated. He instances the case of Miss Weishafer, a teacher of languages in Chicago, who, being invited to visit St. Petersburg by the daughter of a Russian general, was taken from a train at the Russian border town of Ballachink, because of an alleged error in her passports. Aleon asserts that Miss Weishafer was dragged from the train by Russian officials and soldiers in spite of the protests of himself and half a dozen other Americans. The last he saw of the American women she was tearfully appealing to the Russians on the station platform.

DESPERATE MEN ESCAPE

Walk Off Vessel and Lose Themselves in Darkness.

Eagle, Alaska, Oct. 9.—Thornton and Hendrickson, two of the most desperate criminals Alaska has ever had to contend with, escaped last night from the steamer Lavelle Young, while she was taking on wood at Nation, fifty miles below Eagle.

Both were convicted September 1, 1906, to serve fifteen years each at McNeill's island, on charges of assaulting their jailers in a previous fight for freedom, at which time they escaped from the Fairbanks jail.

They left Fairbanks for McNeill's island in charge of Marshal F. C. Wiseman and four guards, and squeezing themselves through a hole in the deck walked down quietly, gained land and were soon lost in the darkness.

INDIAN GETS CONTRACT

Feeds Employes on Railroad Construction Work.

Evarts, S. D., Oct. 9.—Among the 600 Indian railroad employes working on the Standing Rock reservation, where the Milwaukee & St. Paul road is grading an eighty-mile stretch, there has been but one case of intoxication during the past two months.

The beef contract for furnishing the grading camps of the entire line west of the river was given to a mixed-blood Indian who employs white men to do the butchering for him and sells about one hundred head of beeves a month, all raised by Indians on this reesrvation. All the hay is furnished, and most of the freighting for the camps is done by Indians, and vegetables and produce of all kinds come from the red man's garden.

The new road, after crossing the river, follows the beautiful Oak Creek valley nearly to the head of the stream, thence it follows the state line across the entire reservation. Antelope galore, beaver, otter, ducks, chickens and other game abound in the reserve, and it has been proposed by some that what is known as the Lemmon lease be bought by the government for a game preserve.

ASK FOR BIGGER MONEY

Government Employes in 'Frisco Say They Must Have It.

San Francisco, Oct. 6. — About 175 employes of the customs house, minor clerks, laborers, inspectors and packers, have presented a petition to the government, through Collector of the Port Frederick Stratton, asking that their salaries be increased. The employes in question are receiving from $840 to $1,200 a year. They point out that since the fire prices have increased to such an extent that their salaries are insufficient.

Collector Stratton has forwarded the petition to Washington.

Burton Parker, chief of the special agents, will be here within a few weeks and it is said that he will take the matter up.

HART IS TO BE RETAINED

He Will Stay in Charge of the Chinese Customs.

Shanghai, Oct. 8.—Sir Robert Hart, director general of Chinese imperial customs, has issued a circular to the foreign colony here saying that he has received assurances that his status with regard to Chinese customs will not be changed and that he is satisfied there will be no undue interference with foreign control of the customs.

London, Oct. 8.—According to a letter from Sir Edward Gray, the British secretary for foreign affairs, to the China association, the government has deemed it advisable to accept Chinese verbal assurances in the matter of the retention of Sir Robert Hart as director general of Chinese imperial customs, and has placed these assurances on record. The China association and some London newspapers contend that this constitutes a diplomatic rebuff, and that Great Britain should have insisted upon written assurances.

GOOD YEAR FOR APPLES

Englishman Says Exporters Will Make Money.

New York, Oct. 9.—T. E. Dennis, of W. Dennis & Sons, commission merchants of London, has arrived in New York after an extended tour of the apple districts of the United States and Canada. Mr. Dennis expresses the belief, based upon his observations during his American trip, that the present season will be a good apple year from the standpoint of the exporter. He does not believe that there will be as many apples barreled in this country as early reports indicated, and he believes that there will be good export request at higher prices than many of the exporters may expect. Mr. Dennis does not predict, however, that prices will be as high as last year, and states that no one is expecting such figures as then prevailed.

Mr. Dennis passed through the apple districts of Nova Scotia, Ontario, the New England states, New York and the middle western states.

WEIRD TALE OF GROWTH

Pumpkins, Tomatoes and Electricity Combined.

Gallipolis, O., Oct. 9.—The pumpkato or the tomakin, whichever it may be called, is the latest addition to the flora of Ohio.

It is the invention of Edward Womeldorff, a young farmer living near this city. Late in the season he set out some climbing tomato plants close to a telephone pole. Near by were pumpkin vines. One of the tomato plants and one of the pumpkin vines amalgamated and the product of the confluence climbed the telephone pole. The joint vine prolonged itself over the wires, and the current of electricity pervaded it.

Vegetables developed in the course of time, but while each retained its outward form each borrowed the characteristics of the other. The tomato tasted exactly like pumpkin, and the pumpkin had the tomato flavor. The result is that Mr. Womeldorff is faring upon tomato pie and sliced and iced pumpkin.

The introduction of the electric current from the telephone wires into the vine produced a curious result. At night the pumpkins glow with a yellow incandescence, while the tomatoes are of a passionate red shade. The illumination is soft, but penetrating.

THE MARKETS.

Trade Review.

New York, Oct. 6.—Dispatches to Dun's Review indicate that business has made fairly satisfactory progress, despite some irregularity in weather. Especial activity is noticed in manufacturing undertakings, and there is much complaint regarding the scarcity of skilled and unskilled labor, while traffic conditions are congested and collections somewhat irregular.

Conditions at Philadelphia are generally satisfactory and, while sales are retarded somewhat by the weather, a better fall season than last year is confidently anticipated. Lumber shipments are delayed by the car shortage.

The steel industry at Pittsburg is making good progress, but window glass plants have practically agreed to defer starting work until November 1. General business is quiet and collections slow.

Trade is seasonable at Baltimore and the outlook is bright, although southern business was affected by the storm. Louisville manufacturers have larger orders on hand than a year ago. General trade is brisk, but there is some complaint as to payments.

Rain has restricted Atlanta trade and further retarded the cotton crop, which was already late.

Jobbers at Memphis report activity, and trade conditions were never better than up to the time of the storm.

Festival week at St. Louis brought large orders from outside buyers, and there is a good mail order demand for quick shipment.

Carnival week at Kansas City brought many visitors and stimulated trade, which was also helped by favorable weather.

October trade at Chicago opened most encouragingly, with a broadening demand for all staples, and country merchants' stocks are so low that immediate shipment is urged. Mills and factories have their capacity engaged far in advance, and traffic facilities are inadequate.

Retail trade at Cincinnati continues to improve, and is about equal to that of last year, and forward contracts are heavier.

State prices are firm at Detroit, and the outlook for fall and winter is excellent.

Despite warm weather, trade at Columbus has been brisk, the large corn crop making conditions favorable, but scarcity of labor causes trouble.

Trade at Cleveland improves with the advancing season. All manufacturing lines are fully employed and have a large quantity of unfilled orders, while building operations are active and collections generally good.

Little change is noted in business at St. Paul, all lines being fully occupied and the outlook most encouraging.

Volume of trade at Minneapolis exceeds last year's in all lines, building material and hardware being in especial demand.

Cooler weather stimulates retail trade at Portland, Ore., and a large fall business is anticipated.

The large volume of bank exchanges for the first week of October testifies to the very largest volume of settlements through the banks, total exchanges for the week being $1,186,376,820, an increase of 13.9 per cent over last year and 34.2 per cent over the corresponding week of 1904, when trade had resumed unusual activity just prior to the national election of that year. Exchanges at nearly all cities reflect a substantial gain in the movement of funds, there being only trifling losses at Baltimore and Minneapolis compared with last year. Payments in October in settlement of monthly and quarterly accounts and on current trade are always very large, usually close to the highest of the year.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Oct. 9.—Steady cables, higher prices in other markets, good northwest receipts and much speculative buying were the factors which put today's market off with a good start.

Wheat opened ⅜c to ½c up at the opening, but at noon had gone back to yesterday's close. Cash and October opened at 76c, but dropped ½c in the first few hours of trade. December opened at 77½c, being ½c up, but at noon had dropped to ⅜c. May opened at 81⅝c, ⅝c up, but at noon had gone down to ⅜c. The distant month opened unchanged at 79c and was unchanged at noon. Liverpool opened ⅝d up. Broomhall cabled that wheat was steady at the start ⅜d up, influenced by steadier cables from America. Shorts covered some of the market, but appeared to be oversold. Toward noon nearby options with a loss of ½d, owing to disappointing spot trade. Liverpool prices are liable to be kept within a narrow range unless the foreign situation becomes more acutely bullish.

Wheat closed firm with a good undertone and a shade higher. The nearby months were unchanged at 76c as was December at 77½c. May was ⅛c down at 81⅝c and the distant future up ⅛c at 79¼c. Valentine was in the market again buying this time. Liverpool closed ¼d up. The scattered buying of small shorts today, speculatively, had some influence on prices.

Corn opened steady, to a shade higher in future months and the nearby deliveries unchanged. Cash and October were still unchanged at noon at 48c, December was ⅛c up at the start at 42⅝c, but at noon had gone down again to yesterday's close. May opened ⅛c up, at 43⅜c, and at noon had also dropped to yesterday's final. The distant future month started strong at 44⅜c, but had declined ⅝c at noon. Liverpool opened ¼d up and at noon was from ½d to ¾d up. There is a good demand for corn on that market. Broomhall's cables said that London corn opened steady, to ½d up, and at noon had gained some. He gives the cause of the rise, the steady tone of American cables.

Corn closed steady to a shade higher. The near months with December closed unchanged from this morning's opening, while the distant months both closed ⅛c up. Corn was a good seller and heavy trading was done. The close was easy and firm. Updike of Chicago was buying corn together with other longs.

Oats opened steady throughout the list, from ⅛c to ¼c up. The nearby months opened steady and unchanged at 36½c, and was the same at noon. December opened ¼c up at 36¾c, but at noon was down to ½c. May started ⅛c down at 73½c, and at noon was up to ⅝c. July started off steady and unchanged at 36c, which figure it held throughout the first few hours of trade. Oats are holding firm mostly in other markets and reports and cables say that trading in oats is good.

Oats dropped a little on the close, but was steady and had a good tone. The nearby months closed ⅛c down, while the futures closed from ⅛c to ¼c up. Oats in other markets were firm and were good traders. The market here was active and trading brisk.

Clover seed, after its sensational drop of last week, made a reverse move today and went up in leaps and bounds. Speculative buying is attributed as the cause for the rise in this grain and predictions are many for a still higher price. The nearby months opened 10c up at $8.35, and at noon had climbed to $8.50. December started off at a gain of 15c at $8.25, and at noon was still going up. May opened 20c up at $8.30, and at noon was up to $8.40. The distant future went off at $8.32, 22c up, and at noon was $8.45.

Clover seed started in strong this morning and closed the same way. Trading was extraordinarily good and sales were made fast and often. Cash and October closed at 8.47½, 12½c up. December 20c up at $8.45, July 15c up at $8.45, and July 13c up at $8.45.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Oct. 9.	Close Oct. 8.
Wheat—					
Cash	76	76	75	76	75¾
Oct	76	76	75	76	75¾
Dec	77¼	77¼	77	77¼	77½
May	81⅝	81⅝	81⅜	81½	81¾
July	79	....	....	79¼	78⅝
Corn—					
Cash	48	48	48	48	48
Oct	48	48	....	48	48
Dec	42⅝	42⅝	42	42⅜	42¼
May	43⅝	43⅝	43	43⅜	43½
July	44⅜	44	44	44½	44½
Oats—					
Cash	36½	36¼	36	36¼	36½
Oct	36½	36¾	36	36¼	36½
Dec	36¾	36⅝	36⅝	36¾	36½
May	37½	37⅝	37½	37⅜	37½
July	36	36¼	36	36¼	35⅞
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.35	8.47½	8.35	8.47½	8.25
Oct	8.35	8.47½	8.35	8.47½	8.25
Dec	8.25	8.45	8.25	8.45	8.10
Jan	8.30	8.45	8.30	8.45	8.10
March	8.32	8.45	8.30	8.45	8.10
Rye—					
No. 1	65	....	....	65	64½
No. 2	64	....	....	64	63½
No. 3	61	....	....	61	60½
Timothy—					
Prime	1.92½	....	....	1.92½	1.92½
Alsike—					
Prime	7.20	....	....	7.20	7.22½

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Oct	72	....	....	72	71¼
Dec	74⅝	74⅝	74⅝	74⅝	74½
May	78¾	79¼	78⅝	79	78⅝
July	77¾	78	77¾	....	....
Corn—					
Oct	45⅜	45⅝	45¼	45¼	45¼
Dec	42½	42⅝	42⅜	42⅝	42½
May	43⅜	43½	43¼	43⅜	43⅜
July	43¾	....	....	43¾	43⅝
Jan	....	....	....	....	41
Feb	41½	....	....	41½	....
Oats—					
Oct	33¾	33⅞	33¾	33⅞	33⅝
Dec	34½	34⅝	34½	34⅝	34⅜
May	35⅝	35¾	35½	35⅝	35½
July	34	34¼	34	34¼	34

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	81⅞	82⅛	81⅞	82	82
May	84⅝	84⅞	84⅝	84⅝	84⅜
Corn—					
Dec	51¾	....	....	51⅝	51⅜
May	49⅞	....	....	49⅝	49⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	73¼	73¼	73¼	73⅜	73½
May	77⅛	77⅛	77⅛	77½	77

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	73⅞	73½
May	....	....	....	77⅞	77⅞

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	....	74⅝	74⅜
May	....	....	....	78⅝	78⅜

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	13.67	13.75	13.55	13.72	13.67
May	....	....	....	....	13.77
Lard—					
Oct	8.90	9.00	8.90	9.00	8.90
Dec	8.15	8.25	8.15	8.25	8.10
Nov	8.60	8.67	8.60	8.67	8.50
May	....	....	....	....	8.12
Jan	8.00	8.07	8.02	8.07	7.97
Ribs—					
Oct	8.35	8.55	8.35	8.55	8.35
May	....	....	....	....	7.50
Jan	7.30	7.42	7.30	7.42	7.30

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Oct. 9.—Receipts of hogs were 20 cars, and the market from 5c to 10c lower. Liberal receipts, together with indications of general weakness in the market were responsible for a 5c decline at the opening, which as the day advanced amounted to 10c from yesterday's high point. Shipping orders arrived slowly and trading was somewhat sluggish all day.

Cattle receipts were three cars, with the market active and steady. Receipts of calves were also liberal and that market firm and steady. Two cars of sheep were received and the market held firm and active all day.

Western receipts: Chicago, hogs, 16,000; estimated, 18,000; Omaha, 3,500; Kansas City, 9,000; left over in Chicago, 4,330. Market was unchanged.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.70@6.75; mediums, $6.70@6.75; yorkers, $6.50@6.75; bulk of sales, $6.70@6.75; pigs, $6.25@6.40; stags and roughs, $3.00@5.75.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,500 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.35; fair to choice steers, $4.65@4.90; good to choice feeders, $3.50@4.25; fair to best cows, $3.00@3.50; heifers, $2.75@4.00; bulls, $3.00@4.50; good to choice veals, $7.00@7.50; fair to common, $4.00@4.50.

Sheep—Common to good yearlings, $4.50@6.00; lambs, good to choice, $6.25@6.75; good mixed, $4.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.25.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 9.—(Swope, H. W. & D. C. Co.'s Special Report to The Blade.)—Cattle, 5 cars; steady.

Hogs—25 cars; lower; Yorkers, $6.75@6.90; mixed mediums heavy, $6.90@6.95; pigs, $6.60.

Sheep, 10 cars; strong; best lambs, $7.90@8.00; best wether sheep, $5.75; mixed sheep, $5.50; prime heavy ewes, $5.25; culls, $3.00@4.00.

Calves, $3.00@8.50.

Union Stock Yards Cleveland O., Oct. 9.—(Bowser & Bower's Special Report to The Blade.)—Hog receipts, 40 cars; market active but shade lower; mixed mediums and Yorkers, $6.80; pigs, $6.40; closing steady; prospects easy.

Lambs, sheep, calves and cattle steady.

Chicago, Oct. 9.—Cattle—Estimated receipts, 7,500. Market steady. Beeves, $3.90@7.25; cows and heifers, $1.65@5.25; stockers and feeders, $2.70@4.40; Texans, $3.70@4.40; westerns, $3.50@5.40; calves, $6.25@7.75.

Hogs—Estimated receipts, 16,000. Market weak. Mixed and butchers, $6.20@6.75; good heavy, $6.35@6.75; rough heavy, $5.85@6.25; light, $6.20@6.67½; pigs, $5.70@6.25. Bulk of sales, $6.25@6.65.

Sheep—Estimated receipts, 25,000. Market, steady. Sheep, $3.50@5.75; lambs, $4.60@7.50.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 9.—(Brinkman, Wood & Beck's Special Report to The Blade.)—Twelve loads hogs. Heavies, $6.95@7.05; mediums heavy yorkers, $6.95; light yorkers, $6.70@6.75; pigs, $6.25@6.50; sheep, $4.25@5.65; lambs, $6.00@7.75; calves, $5.00@8.25.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Oct. 9.—(Wall Street.)—Opening sales of stocks showed gains generally and the industrials and specialties held the same conspicuous place in the trading as yesterday. General Electric and Canadian Pacific advanced 1¼. Consolidated Gas, Virginia-Carolina Chemical and Cotton Oil about a point and Smelting and Locomotive large fractions. There were some large transactions in individual stocks, but business elsewhere was small and fluctuations narrow.

Speculation centered in the specialties and the neglect of the usually active stocks was shown by gradually receding prices which forced some of them below yesterday's closing. Large gains were established on relatively small dealings in the less prominent stocks, a great number of which were dealt in. Pennsylvania was the conspicuous feature in the railroad list and rose 2 points. International Power jumped 5 points, Federal Mining preferred 3½, Locomotive, Northern Pacific, Smelting, Colorado Fuel, International Paper, Virginia-Carolina Chemical and Sloss-Sheffield Steel 1¼ to 1⅝ and Chesapeake & Ohio, Sugar, American Ice Securities and Pressed Steel Car 1.

Strength persisted in only a few stocks and the general list sagged to a small fraction below last night. Trading then became very dull. Smelting extended its advance to 2⅝. Federal Mining pfd. gained 4½; Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic pfd. 2¾; the common, 1½; National Lead, 1¼, and Illinois Central, U. S. Rubber and Westinghouse Electric, 1. Kanawha & Michigan fell 1½; Chicago & Alton, 1⅝, and St. Louis & San Francisco first 1. Cumber. 1st Pr. $2.25; bbl., $6.50.

Quinces—Bu., $2.00@2.50.

Poultry — Alive — Spring chickens, 11½c; fowls, 11@11½c; geese, 12c.

Poultry — Dressed — Chickens, 12@13c; turkeys, 15c; ducks, 12@15c; geese, 12½c.

Dressed Hogs—6¼@9c; cows, 4@6½c; lambs, 8@9c; spring lambs, 12@13c; calves, 9@10c.

Cotton.

New York, Oct. 9.—The cotton market opened firm at an advance of 16@21 points on covering of shorts and buying for a turn, owing to higher cables than expected, and predictions of colder weather in the southwest. The weather up to 8 o'clock this morning, as reflected by the early map was very favorable, however. There was considerable selling at the initial bulge on this showing and prices during the early session fluctuated narrowly enough to suggest a pretty well divided sentiment at the advance. Trading was fairly active during the middle of the morning with prices 17@22 points net higher.

N. Y. Stock Market.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Am. Loco. com	76⅜	77⅝	76¼	77
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co	136¾	137½	136¾	137½
Atchison	103¾	103¾	103¼	103½
Am. Car & F. Co	45½	46½	45⅝	46⅜
Anaconda	283	283	281¾	281¾
Amal. Copper	116⅛	116⅛	115	115⅝
Am. Woolen Co	36¾	36¾	36⅜	36⅜
Alton com	34	34	34	34
Allis-Chal. pfd	45¾	48¼	45⅜	46½
Am. Fy. com	10¾	10¾	10⅜	10⅜
Am. Fy. pfd	44	44	44	44
Balt. & Ohio	122⅞	123¼	122⅜	122⅜
B'lyn R. Trans	78¼	78⅞	78¼	78¼
Canadian Pac	179½	180¼	179¾	179¾
Clover Leaf	38	38½	38	38½
Clover Leaf pfd	57	57⅝	57	57
Colorado Fuel	57¼	58¼	56⅝	56⅝
Ches. & Ohio	62⅞	63⅜	62½	62⅝
Cast Iron Pipe	50	50	50	50
Del. & Hudson	223¾	223¾	223	223
Distillers' Sec.	70¾	70¾	70¼	70¾
Erie com.	48¼	48⅜	47⅝	47⅝
Erie 1st pfd	77¼	77¼	77⅜	77⅜
Erie 2nd pfd	70¼	70¼	70¼	70¼
Ill. Central	175¼	174	174	175¼
K. C. Sou. com	28¾	28¾	28¾	28¾
K. C. Sou. pfd	60¼	60¼	60	60¼
Louis. & Nash.	147¾	147¾	147¼	147¼
Mex. Central	21¾	22	21⅝	21⅝
Missouri Pacific	98¾	98¾	98¼	98¼
M., K & T. com	36½	36⅝	36½	36⅝
M., K & T. pfd	71⅝	71⅝	71½	71½
N. Y. Central	139⅞	140⅜	139¾	140
N. & W. com	96¾	96¾	96½	96½
Ont. & Western	48¼	48¼	48¼	48¼
Penn. Ry	141⅞	143⅜	141⅞	143¼
Pacific Mail	37	37½	37	37½
Peoples' Gas Co	89¾	89⅞	89½	89½
Reading com.	152¾	153	151⅝	115¾
Rock Island	30¼	30¼	29¾	29¾
Rock Island pfd.	63¼	63¼	63¼	63¼
Rep. I. & S. Co	33¼	33¾	33¼	33¾
Rep. pref.	98¾	98⅞	98¾	98⅞
Ry. Steel Spgs	54	54	54	54
So. Ry.	36¼	36½	36¼	36¼
So. Ry. pref.	96¼	96¼	96¼	96¼
St. Paul	176	176½	175	175
Southern Pacific	95	95	94¾	94¾
Texas Pacific	29	29	28¾	28¾
Union Pacific	187⅞	188¾	187⅝	187⅞
U. S. Rubber	50	50½	50	50¼
U. S. Steel	48⅞	48⅞	48¼	48⅝
U. S. Steel pfd	107⅞	108¼	107⅞	107⅞
Virginia Chem	40¾	41⅜	40¾	40⅞
Wabash com	20¼	20¼	19¾	19¾
Wabash pfd	46	46	45½	45½
Wab. Deb-Bs	81	81⅜	81	81⅛
Western Union	86¾	86⅞	86¾	86⅝
Wis. Cent. com	27	27	27	27
Wis. Cent. pfd	57	57	57	57

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 26½c; solid packed, 25½c; dairy, 18@20c, packing stocks, 15c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 22½c.

Cheese—Michigan full cream, 11c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., 35c.

Green Corn—Doz., 7c.

Beets—New, bu., 50c.

New String Beans—Home, 75c. bu.

Cauliflower—$1.50@2.00.

Lima Beans—Quart, 12½@15c.

Cucumbers—Home grown, dozen, 50c.

Lettuce—Per lb., 5c.

Tomatoes—Home-grown, 30c.

Spanish Onions—Pa. crate, $1.50.

Green Onions—Per bunch, 10c; pickling, bu., $1.75@2.75.

Potatoes—Bu., 57c.

Sweet Potatoes—Virginias, bu., 55c; bbl., $1.50; Jersey, per bbl., $2.75; per bu., $1.00.

Long Radishes Per dozen, 10c.

Celery—Michigan, doz.,